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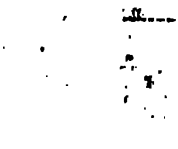

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

MORAL ESSAYS.

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Contents of the Third Volume.

ESSAY ON MAN, in FOUR EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to the* univerſe P. 1
EPISTLE II. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* himſelf, *as an individual* 39
EPISTLE III. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* ſociety 83
EPISTLE IV. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* happineſs 121

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I. *Of the knowledge and characters of* MEN 171
EPISTLE II. *Of the characters of* WOMEN 203
EPISTLE III. *Of the uſe of* RICHES 225
EPISTLE IV. *Of the uſe of* RICHES 272
EPISTLE V. *To Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his dialogues on* MEDALS 303

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MAY 19

AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the Death of

Mr. POPE.

Inſcribed to

Mr. WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

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CONTENTS.

PART I.

OF the End and Efficacy of Satire. *The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame univerſal,* ℣ 29. *This Paſſion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Virtue, is generally perverted,* ℣ 41. *And thus becomes the Occaſion of the greateſt Follies, Vices, and Miſeries,* ℣ 61. *It is the Work of* Satire *to rectify this Paſſion, to reduce it to it's proper Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to Wiſdom and Virtue,* ℣ 89. *Hence it appears that* Satire *may influence thoſe who defy all Laws Human and Divine,* ℣ 99. *An Objection anſwered,* ℣ 131.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. *Juſtice and Truth its chief and eſſential Property,* ℣ 169. *Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whoſe Province is, not to* explore *unknown, but to* enforce *known Truths,* ℣ 191. *Proper Subjects of* Satire *are the Manners of preſent times,* ℣ 239. *Decency of Expreſſion recommended,* ℣ 255. *The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chaſtiſed,* ℣ 269. *The Variety of Style and Manner which theſe two Subjects require,* ℣ 277. *The Praiſe of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety,* ℣ 315. *Caution with regard to Panegyric,* ℣ 329. *The Dignity of* true Satire, ℣ 341.

PART III.

The Hiſtory of Satire. Roman *Satiriſts*, Lucilius, Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, ℣ 357, *etc. Cauſes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of* Satire, ℣ 389. *Revival of* Satire, ℣ 401. Eraſmus *one of its principal Reſtorers*, ℣ 405. Donne, ℣ 411. *The Abuſe of Satire in* England, *during the licentious Reign of* Charles II. ℣ 415. Dryden, ℣ 429. *The true Ends of* Satire *purſued by* Boileau *in* France, ℣ 439; *and by Mr.* Pope *in* England, ℣ 445.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S Heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rouz'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn; 11
And Snake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;

Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
You viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright Aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new Luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

IN ev'ry Breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt wooe,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;

Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.

And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted Shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The Dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]
Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;

Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.

IMITATIONS.

Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poys'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling Paſſion* on the reſt:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From poys'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to theſe Lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true
From poys'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſkreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:

Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end;
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid, who merit ſatire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.

But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet it's juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;

With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all it's poyſon in thy heart.

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd Victim ſhall be lead:
Lo, *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefather's muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.

Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the Storm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.

Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *preſent Age:*
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the Dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:

Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony's* tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Buſa* chaſte.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:

On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:

When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Arts* decline,
She joys to ſee *unconquer'd* merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue, but his own:

Hears unſtain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for YOU.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine*;
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landſkip may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:

Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey* or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD'S or LONSDALE'S mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty e'er the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart [a].
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS [b] drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

NOTES.

[a] Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. HOR.

[b] Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa. JUV. S. i.

Then ſportive HORACE[c] caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd corruption with a calm diſdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

NOTES.

[c] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo. PERS. S. i.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtick, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!

Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred
skies,
Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And Genius rise, a Monument of shame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle:
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.

spairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
s Spectres vanish at approaching light:
this clear Mirror with delight we view
ch image justly fine, and boldly true:
re Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
holds and hates her own deformity:
hile self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
ith modest joy surveys her form divine.
t oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find
t faintly to express the Poet's mind?
ho yonder Star's effulgence can display,
less he dip his pencil in the ray?
ho paint a God, unless the God inspire?
hat catch the Lightning, but the speed of fire?
, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
l pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
ch Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
r thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
ith watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
tun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolifick and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wint'ry Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This Praiſe, immortal Pope, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and Wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Dull, mobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.

Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinion ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;

If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confour
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee,
That Guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

TO

H. St John L. Bolingbroke.

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Men* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and, I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt,

and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandring from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

AN ESSAY on MAN, IN FOUR EPISTLES, TO *H. St. John*, Lord *Bolingbroke.*

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, ℣ 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown*, ℣ 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the*

preſent depends, ℣ 77, &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice of his diſpenſations*, ℣ 109, &c. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ℣ 131, &c. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable*, ℣ 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties*, ℣ 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed*, ℣ 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire*, ℣ 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ℣ 281, &c. *to the end.*

N. Blakey inv. & del. Ravenet sculp.

Work humbly then: with trembling Pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore!

Essay on Man. Ep I

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

COMMENTARY.

THE Opening of this poem, in fifteen lines, is taken up in giving an account of the Subject; which, agreeably to the title, is an ESSAY on MAN, or a Philoſophical Enquiry into his *Nature* and *End*, his *Paſſions* and *Purſuits*.

The Exordium relates to the whole work, of which the *Eſſay on Man* was only the firſt book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the ſubjects of this *Eſſay*, viz. the general Order and Deſign of Providence; the Conſtitution of the human Mind; the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions and Affections, both ſelfiſh and ſocial; and the wrong purſuits of Power, Pleaſure, and Happineſs. The 10th, 11th, 12th, &c. have relation to the ſubjects of the books intended to follow, *viz.* the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once tranſgreſſed, ignorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the age.

NOTES.

VER. 7, 8. *A Wild,—Or Garden,*] The *Wild* relates to the human *paſſions*, productive (as he explains in the ſecond epiſtle) both of good and evil. The *Garden*, to human *reaſon*, ſo often *tempting* us to tranſgreſs the bounds God has ſet to it, and wander in fruitleſs enquiries.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

COMMENTARY.

Next, in line 16, he tells us with what deſign he wrote, *viz.*

To vindicate the ways of God to Man.

The Men he writes againſt, he frequently informs us, are ſuch as *weigh their opinion againſt Providence* (ver. 114) ſuch as *cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt* (ver. 118) or ſuch as fall into the notion, *that Vice and Virtue there is none at all* (Ep. ii. ver. 212) This occaſions the poet to divide his vindication of the ways of God into two parts. In the firſt of which he gives direct anſwers to thoſe objections which libertine Men, on a view of the diſorders ariſing from the perverſity of the human will, have intended againſt Providence. And in the ſecond, he obviates all thoſe objections, by a true delineation of human Nature; or a general, but exact, *map of Man.* The firſt epiſtle is employed in the management of the firſt part of this diſpute; and the

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, &c.*] *i. e.* Thoſe who only follow the blind guidance of their Paſſions; or thoſe who leave behind them common ſenſe and ſober reaſon, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphyſics. Both which follies are expoſed in the fourth epiſtle, where the popular and philoſophical errors concerning Happineſs are detected. The figure is taken from animal life.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we muſt, &c.*] Intimating that human *follies* are ſo ſtrangely abſurd, that it is not in the power of the moſt *compaſſionate*, on ſome occaſions, to reſtrain their

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,

COMMENTARY.

three following in the discussion of the second. So that this whole book constitutes a complete *Essay on Man*, written for the best purpose, *to vindicate the ways of God*.

VER. 17. *Say first, of God above, or Man below,* &c.] The poet having declared his *Subject*, his *End of writing*, and the *Quality of his Adversaries*, proceeds (from ℣ 16 to 23) to instruct us, *from whence* he intends to draw his arguments; namely, from the *visible* things of God in this system, to demonstrate the *invisible* things of God, his *eternal Power* and *Godhead*: And

NOTES.

mirth: And that human *crimes* are so flagitious, that the most *candid* have seldom an opportunity, on this subject, to exercise their virtue.

VER. 19, 20. *Of Man, what see we but his station here,*
From which to reason, or to which refer?
The sense is, *we see nothing of Man, but as he stands at present in his station here: From which station, all our reasonings on his nature and end must be drawn; and to this station they must be all referred.* The consequence is, all our reasonings on his *nature* and *end* must needs be very imperfect.

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd,* &c.] Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per Proprietates suas & Attributa, & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras & causas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.*

What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

COMMENTARY.

why? becauſe we can *reaſon only from what we know*, and as we *know* no more of *Man* than what we ſee of his ſtation here; ſo we know no more of *God* than what we ſee of his diſpenſations in this ſtation; being able to trace him no further than to the limits of our own ſyſtem. This naturally leads the poet to exprobrate the miſerable Folly and Impiety of pretending to pry into, and call in queſtion, the profound diſpenſations of Providence: Which reproof contains (from ℣ 22 to 43) a ſublime deſcription of the Omniſcience of God, and the miſerable Blindneſs and Preſumption of Man.

NOTES.

VER. 30. *The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,*] The thought is very noble, and expreſſed with great philoſophic beauty and exactneſs. The ſyſtem of the Univerſe is a combination of *natural* and *moral* Fitneſſes, as the human ſyſtem is, of *body* and *ſpirit*. By the *ſtrong connections*, therefore, the Poet alluded to the *natural* part; and by the *nice dependencies* to the *moral*. For the *Eſſay on Man* is not a ſyſtem of *Naturaliſm* but of *natural Religion*. Hence it is, that, where he ſuppoſes diſorders may tend to ſome greater good in the *natural* world, he ſuppoſes they may tend likewiſe to ſome greater good in the *moral*, as appears from theſe ſublime images in the following lines,

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe *to ſcourge mankind?*

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Of ſyſtems poſſible, &c*] So far his modeſt and ſober Introduction; in which he truly obſerves, that no wiſdom leſs than omniſcient

Can tell why Heav'n *has* made us as we are.

Yet, though we be unable to diſcover the *particular* reaſons for this mode of our exiſtence, we may be aſſured in *general* that it is *right*. For now, entering upon his argument, he lays down this evident propoſition as the foundation of his

NOTES.

VER. 35 to 42.] In theſe lines the poet has joined the beauty of argumentation to the ſublimity of thought; where the ſimilar inſtances, propoſed for his adverſaries examination, ſhew as well the *abſurdity* of their complaints againſt Order, as the *fruitleſſneſs* of their enquiries into the arcana of the Godhead.

Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.

COMMENTARY.

Theſis, which he reaſonably ſuppoſes will be allowed him, *That, of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite wiſdom hath formed the beſt* (℣ 43, 44) From whence he draws two conſequences:

1. The *firſt* (from ℣ 44 to 51) is, that as the beſt ſyſtem cannot but be ſuch a one as hath no inconnected Void; ſuch a one in which there is a perfect coherence and gradual ſubordination in all its parts; there muſt needs be, in ſome part or other of the ſcale of reaſoning life, ſuch a creature as MAN: Which reduces the diſpute to this abſurd queſtion, *Whether God has placed him wrong?*

VER. 51. *Reſpecting Man, &c.*] It being ſhewn that MAN, *the Subject of his enquiry*, has a neceſſary place in ſuch a ſyſtem as this is confeſſed to be; and it being evident, that the abuſe of Free-will, from whence proceeds all moral evil, is the certain effect of ſuch a creature's exiſtence; the next queſtion will be, How theſe evils can be accounted for, conſiſtently with the idea we have of God's attributes? Therefore,

2. The *ſecond* conſequence he draws from his principle, *That of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite wiſdom has formed the beſt*, is, that whatever is wrong in our private ſyſtem, is right as relative to the whole:

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, *muſt* be right, as relative to ALL.

That it *may*, he proves (from ℣ 52 to 61) by ſhewing in what conſiſts the difference between the *ſyſtematic* works of God,

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His firey courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;

COMMENTARY.

and thoſe of Man; *viz.* that, in the latter, a thouſand movements ſcarce gain one purpoſe; in the former, one movement gains many purpoſes. So that

—Man, who here ſeems *principal* alone,
Perhaps acts *ſecond* to ſome ſphere unknown.

And acting thus, the appearances of *wrong* in the *partial* ſyſtem, may be *right* in the *univerſal*: For

'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

That it *muſt*, the whole body of this epiſtle is employed to illuſtrate and inforce. Thus *partial Evil is univerſal Good*; and thus Providence is fairly acquitted.

VER. 61. *When the proud ſteed, &c.*] From all this he draws a general concluſion (from ℣ 60 to 91) that, as what has been ſaid is ſufficient to vindicate the ways of Providence, Man ſhould reſt content and ſubmiſſive, and confeſs every thing to be diſpoſed for the beſt; that to think of diſcovering the *manner* how God conducts this wonderful ſcheme to its completion, is as abſurd as to imagine that the horſe and ox ſhall

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions ℣ 64.

Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

altered as above for the reaſon given in the note.

After ℣ 68. the following lines in firſt Ed.

If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matters ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

COMMENTARY.

ever be able to comprehend why they undergo ſuch different *manage* and *fortunes* in the hand of Man; nay, that ſuch knowledge, if communicated, would be even *pernicious* to Man, and

NOTES.

VER. 64—*Ægypt's God*] Called ſo becauſe the God *Apis* was worſhiped univerſally over the whole land.

The bleſt to day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

COMMENTARY.

make him *neglect* or *deſert* his Duty here. This he illuſtrates by an inſtance in the lamb, which is happy in not knowing the fate that attends it from the butcher; and from thence takes

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Who ſees with equal eye, &c.*] Mat. x 29.

Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

COMMENTARY.

occaſion to obſerve, that God is the equal maſter of all his creatures, and provides for the proper happineſs of *each*.

VER. 91. *Hope humbly then*; &c.] But now the objector is ſuppoſed to put in, and ſay, You tell us indeed, that all things will terminate in good; but we ſee ourſelves ſurrounded with preſent Evil; and yet you forbid us all inquiry into the manner how we are to be extricated; and, in a word, leave us in a very diſconſolate condition. Not ſo, replies the poet, you may reaſonably, if you ſo pleaſe, receive much comfort from the HOPE of a happy futurity; a *Hope* implanted in the human breaſt by God himſelf for this very purpoſe, as an earneſt of that Bliſs, which, always flying from us here, is reſerved for the good Man hereafter. The reaſon why the poet chuſes to inſiſt on this proof of a future ſtate, in preference to others, is in order to give his ſyſtem (which is founded in a ſublime and improved *Platoniſm*) the greater grace of uniformity. For HOPE was *Plato's* peculiar argument for a future ſtate; and the words here employed—*the ſoul uneaſy* &c. his peculiar expreſſion. The poet in this place, therefore, ſays in expreſs terms, that *God gave us Hope to ſupply that future bliſs, which he at preſent keeps hid from us.* In his ſecond epiſtle, ver. 274, he goes ſtill further, and ſays, this HOPE quits us not even at Death, when every thing mortal drops from us:

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

And, in the fourth epiſtle, he ſhews how the ſame HOPE is a *proof* of a future ſtate, from the conſideration of God's giving man no appetite in vain, or what he did not intend ſhould be ſatisfied;

He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:

VARIATIONS.

In the firſt Fol. and Quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

COMMENTARY.

(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find),

It is only for the *good man*, he tells us, that *Hope* leads from goal to goal, *&c.* It would be ſtrange indeed then if it ſhould prove a deluſion.

NOTES.

VER. 93. *What future bliſs, &c.*] It hath been objected, that the *Syſtem of the beſt* weakens the other natural arguments for a future ſtate; becauſe, if the evils which good Men ſuffer promote the benefit of the whole, then every thing is here in order; and nothing amiſs that wants to be ſet right: Nor has the good man any reaſon to expect amends, when the evils he ſuffered had ſuch a tendency. To this it may be replied, 1. That the poet tells us (Ep. iv. 360.) that *God loves from whole to parts*. 2. That the *Syſtem of the beſt* is ſo far from weakening thoſe natural arguments, that it ſtrengthens and ſupports them. For if thoſe evils, to which good men are ſubject, be mere Diſorders, without any tendency to the greater good of the whole; then, though we muſt indeed conclude that they will hereafter be ſet right, yet this view of things, repreſenting God as ſuffering diſorders for no other end than to ſet them right, gives us a very low idea of the divine wiſdom. But if thoſe evils (according to the *Syſtem of the beſt*) contribute to the greater perfection of the whole, ſuch a reaſon may be then given for their permiſſion, as ſupports

The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

Commentary.

Ver. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian! &c.*] The poet, as we ſaid, having bid Man comfort himſelf with expectation of future happineſs, having ſhewn him that this HOPE is an earneſt of it, and put in one very neceſſary caution,

Hope *humbly* then, with *trembling* pinions ſoar;

provoked at thoſe miſcreants whom he afterwards (Ep. iii. ver 263) deſcribes as building *Hell on ſpite, and Heaven on pride,*

Notes.

our idea of divine wiſdom to the higheſt religious purpoſes. Then, as to the good man's *hopes* of a retribution, thoſe ſtill remain in their original force: For our idea of God's juſtice, and how far that juſtice is engaged to a retribution, is exactly and invariably the ſame on either hypotheſis. For though the *ſyſtem of the beſt* ſuppoſes that the *evils themſelves* will be fully compenſated by the good they produce to the *whole*, yet this is ſo far from ſuppoſing that *particulars* ſhall ſuffer for a *general good*, that it is eſſential to *this ſyſtem* to conclude, that, at the completion of things, when the whole is arrived to the ſtate of utmoſt perfection, *particular* and *univerſal* good ſhall coincide.

Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things.
Where *ſmall* and *great*, where *weak* and *mighty*, made
To *ſerve*, not *ſuffer*, *ſtrengthen*, not *invade*, &c. Ep. iii. ver 295.

Which coincidence can never be, without a retribution to good men for the evils ſuffered here below.

Ver. 97.—*from home,*] The conſtruction is, "The ſoul being from home (confined and uneaſy) expatiates, *&c.*" by which words, it was the poet's purpoſe to teach, that the preſent life is only a ſtate of probation for another, more ſuitable to the eſſence of the ſoul, and to the free exerciſe of it's qualities.

His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 108. in the firſt Ed.

But does he ſay the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

COMMENTARY.

he upbraids them (from ℣ 99 to 112) with the example of the poor Indian, to whom alſo Nature hath given this *common* HOPE *of Mankind:* But, tho' his untutored mind had betrayed him into many childiſh fancies concerning the nature of that future ſtate, yet he is ſo far from excluding any part of his own ſpecies (a vice which could proceed only from the *pride* of Science) that he humanely admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company.*

VER. 113. *Go, wiſer thou! &c.*] He proceeds with theſe ac-

Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.

COMMENTARY.

cuſers of providence (from ℣ 112 to 122) and ſhews them, that complaints againſt the *eſtabliſhed order of things* begin in the *higheſt abſurdity*, from miſapplied *reaſon* and *power*, and end in the *higheſt impiety*, in an attempt to degrade the God of heaven, and aſſume his place:

Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

That is, be made God, *who only is perfect, and hath immortality:* To which ſenſe the lines immediately following confine us;

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.

VER. 123. *In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies; &c.*]

NOTES.

VER. 123. *In Pride, &c.*] Arnobius has paſſed the ſame cenſure on theſe very follies, which he ſuppoſes to ariſe from the cauſe here aſſigned.—"Nihil eſt quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis polliceatur ſpes caſſas (id quod nobis a quibuſdam dicitur viris immoderata ſui opinione ſublatis) animas immortales eſſe, Deo, rerum ac principi, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac patre prolatas, divinas, ſapientes, doctas, neque ulla corporis attrectatione contiguas." Adverſus gentes.

Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:

COMMENTARY.

From theſe men the poet now turns to his friend, and (from ℣ 123 to 130) remarks, that the ground of all this extravagance is *Pride*; which, more or leſs, infects the whole ſpecies; ſhews the ill effects of it, in the caſe of the fallen Angels; and obſerves, that *even* wiſhing to invert the laws of Order, is a lower ſpecies of their crime: Then brings an inſtance of one of the effects of Pride, which is the folly of thinking *every* thing made *ſolely* for the uſe of Man, without the leaſt regard to any other of God's creatures:

Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine, &c.

The ridicule of imagining the *greater portions* of the material ſyſtem to be ſolely for the uſe of Man, Philoſophy has ſufficiently expoſed: And Common ſenſe, as the poet obſerves, inſtructs us to know that our fellow creatures, placed by Providence the joint-inhabitants of this globe, are deſigned by Providence to be joint-ſharers with us of its bleſſings.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for *thy* good,
Thy joy, *thy* paſtime, *thy* attire, *thy* food?

NOTES.

VER. 131. *Aſk for what end, &c.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but a want of exactneſs in expreſſing it.—It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet not ſo, to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end,

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

COMMENTARY.

Who for *thy* table feeds the wanton fawn,
For *him* as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn, Ep. iii. ℣ 27.

VER. 141. *But errs not Nature from this gracious end,*] The author comes next to the confirmation of his Theſis, That *partial moral Evil* is *univerſal Good*; but introduceth it with a proper argument to abate our wonder at the phænomenon of moral Evil, which argument he builds on a conceſſion of his adverſaries: If we aſk you, ſays he (from ℣ 140 to 150) whether Nature doth not err from the gracious purpoſe of its creator, when plagues, earthquakes, and tempeſts unpeople whole regions at a time; you readily anſwer, No. For that God acts by general, and not by particular laws, and that the courſe of matter and motion muſt be neceſſarily ſubject to ſome irregularities, becauſe nothing is created perfect. I then aſk why you ſhould expect this perfection in Man? If you own that the *great end* of *God* (notwithſtanding all this deviation) be *general happineſs*, then 'tis *Nature*, and not God, that deviates; and do you expect greater conſtancy in Man?

Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?

" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th'exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;

COMMENTARY.

That is, if Nature, or the inanimate ſyſtem (on which God hath impoſed his laws, which it obeys as a machine obeys the hand of the workman) may in courſe of time deviate from its firſt direction, as the beſt philoſophy ſhews it may; where is the wonder that Man, who was created a free Agent, and hath it in his power every moment to tranſgreſs the eternal rule of Right, ſhould ſometimes go out of Order?

VER. 151. *As much that end, &c.*] Having thus ſhewn how moral evil came into the world, namely, by *Man's abuſe of his own free-will*; he comes to the point, the *confirmation* of his theſis, by ſhewing how *moral* evil promotes good; and employs the *ſame* conceſſions of his adverſaries, concerning *natural* evil, to illuſtrate it.

1. He ſhews it tends to the *good* of the *whole*, or *Univerſe* (from ℣ 151 to 164) and this by analogy. You own, ſays he, that ſtorms and tempeſts, clouds, rain, heat, and variety of ſea-

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] " While comets " move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of poſitions, blind " Fate could never make all the planets move one and the ſame " way in orbs concentric; ſome inconſiderable irregularities " excepted, which may have riſen from the mutual actions of " comets and planets upon one another, and which will be " apt to increaſe, 'till this ſyſtem wants a reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Queſt. ult.*

As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156

COMMENTARY.

ſons are neceſſary (notwithſtanding the accidental evil they bring with them) to the health and plenty of this Globe; why then ſhould you ſuppoſe there is not the ſame uſe, with regard to the Univerſe, in a Borgia or a Catiline? But you ſay you can ſee the one and not the other. You ſay right: one terminates in this *ſyſtem*, the other refers to the *whole*: of which none are capable of judging but the great Author himſelf: For, ſays the poet, in another place,

—of this Frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a *part* contain the *whole*? ✝ 29, *&ſeq.*

Own therefore, ſays he, that

From Pride, from Pride, our very Reas'ning ſprings;
Account for *moral*, as for *nat'ral* things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to *reaſon right* is *to ſubmit*.

NOTES.

VER. 155. *If plagues, &c.*] What hath miſled ſome perſons in this paſſage, is their ſuppoſing the compariſon to be between the effects of *two things in this ſublunary world*; when not only the elegancy, but the juſtneſs of it, conſiſts in its being between the effects of a thing in the *univerſe at large*, and the familiar and known effects of one in *this ſublunary world*. For the poſition inforced in theſe lines is this, that *partial evil tends to the good of the whole*:

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all. ✝ 51.

How does the poet inforce it? if you will believe theſe perſons, in illuſtrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular ſyſtem, by that of partial natural evil in the *ſame*

Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 165. *Better for us, &c.*] But, ſecondly, to ſtrengthen the foregoing *analogical* argument, and to make the wiſdom and goodneſs of God ſtill more apparent, he obſerves (from ℣ 165

NOTES.

ſyſtem, and ſo he leaves his *poſition* in the lurch. But the poet reaſons at another rate: The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illuſtrate the effect of partial moral evil in the *univerſe*, by partial natural evil in a *particular ſyſtem*. Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the univerſe, being a queſtion which, by reaſon of our ignorance of *many* parts of that univerſe, we cannot decide, but from known effects; the rules of argument require that it be proved by *analogy*, *i. e.* ſetting it by, and comparing it with, a thing *certain*; and it is a thing *certain*, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our *particular ſyſtem*.

VER. 157. *Who knows but he, &c.*] The ſublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characteriſed, is but the ſecond beauty of this fine paſſage. The greateſt is the making the very diſpenſation objected to, the periphraſis of his Title.

That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.

COMMENTARY.

to 172) that *moral evil* is not only productive of *good* to the *whole*, but is even productive of *good in our own ſyſtem*. It might, ſays he, perhaps, appear better to us, that there were nothing in this world but *peace* and *virtue*:

That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.

But then conſider, that as our *material ſyſtem* is ſupported by the ſtriſe of its elementary particles; ſo is our *intellectual ſyſtem* by the conflict of our Paſſions, which are the elements of human action.

In a word, as without the benefit of tempeſtuous winds, both air and ocean would ſtagnate, corrupt, and ſpread univerſal contagion throughout all the ranks of animals that inhabit, or are ſupported by, them; ſo, without the benefit of the Paſſions, ſuch virtue as was merely the effect of the abſence of thoſe Paſſions, would be a lifeleſs calm, a ſtoical Apathy:

Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But health of Mind is *Exerciſe*, not *Reſt*. Ep. ii. ℣ 103

Therefore, inſtead of regarding the conflict of the elements, and the Paſſions of the mind as diſorders, you ought to conſider them as part of the *general order* of Providence: And that they are ſo, appears from their always preſerving the ſame unvaried courſe, throughout all ages, from the creation to the preſent time:

The *gen'ral order*, ſince the Whole began,
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

We ſee, therefore, it would be doing great injuſtice to our author to ſuſpect that he intended, by this, to give any encouragement to Vice. His ſyſtem, as all his Ethic Epiſtles ſhew, is this: That the *Paſſions*, for the reaſons given above, are neceſſary to the ſupport of Virtue; That, indeed, the Paſſions in exceſs produce Vice, which is, in its own Nature, the greateſt of all Evils, and comes into the world from the abuſe of Man's free-will; but that God, in his infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, devi-

But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;

COMMENTARY.

ouſly turns the natural bias of its malignity to the advancement of human happineſs, and makes it productive of general Good:

TH' ETERNAL ART EDUCES GOOD FROM ILL.
Ep. ii. ℣ 175.

This ſet againſt what we have obſerved of the Poet's doctrine of a *future State*, will furniſh us with an inſtance of his *ſteering* (as he well expreſſes it in his preface) *between doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite: If his Eſſay has any merit, he thinks it is in this.* And doubtleſs it is uncommon merit to reject the extravagances of every Syſtem, and take in only what is rational and real.

The *Characteriſtics* and the *Fable of the Bees* are two ſeemingly inconſiſtent ſyſtems; the extravagancy of the firſt is in giving a ſcheme of *Virtue without Religion*; and of the latter, in giving a ſcheme of *Religion without Virtue*. Theſe our Poet leaves to Any that will take them up; but agrees however ſo far with the firſt, that "Virtue would be worth having, though "itſelf was its only reward;" and ſo far with the latter, that "God makes Evil, againſt its nature, productive of Good."

VER. 173. *What would this Man? &c.*] Having thus juſtified Providence in its *permiſſion* of partial MORAL EVIL, he employs the remaining part of his Epiſtle in vindicating it from the im-

NOTES.

VER. 169. *But all ſubſiſts, &c.*] See this ſubject extended in Ep. ii. from ℣ 90 to 112, 155, *&c.*

VER. 174. *And little leſs than Angels, &c.*] *Thou haſt made him a little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] He tells us next (from ỳ 206 to 233) that the complying with ſuch extravagant deſires would not only be uſeleſs and pernicious to Man, but would be breaking into the Order, and deforming the Beauty of God's Creation, in which *this* animal is ſubject to *that*, and every one to Man; who by his Reaſon enjoys the ſum of all their powers.

NOTES.

is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only: and, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a *real* object.—*If* NATURE *thunder'd*, &c. The caſe is different where (in ỳ 253) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the ſublime Imagery of *ruling Angels*: For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is real *motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *muſic of the ſpheres*, there was no real ſound, which his argument was obliged to find.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?

NOTES.

lions hunting their prey in the deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal. P.

VER. 224. *For ever ſep'rate, &c.*] *Near*, by the ſimilitude of the operations; *ſeparate*, by the immenſe difference in the nature of the powers.

VER. 226. *What thin partitions, &c.*] So *thin*, that the Atheiſtic philoſophers, as Protagoras, held that *thought was only ſenſe*; and from thence concluded, that *every imagination or opinion of every man was true*: Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. But the poet determines more philoſophically; that they are really and eſſentially different, how *thin* ſoever the partition is by which they are *divided*. Thus (to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation) when a geometer conſiders a triangle, in order to demonſtrate the equality of its three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of ſome ſenſible trian-

And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *See, thro' this air, &c.*] And further (from ℣ 232 to 267) that this breaking the order of things, which, as a link or chain, connects all beings from the higheſt to the loweſt, would unavoidably be attended with the deſtruction of the Univerſe: For that the ſeveral parts of it muſt at leaſt compoſe as entire and harmonious a whole, as the parts of a human body, can hardly be doubted: Yet we ſee what confuſion it would make in our frame, if the members were ſet upon invading each other's office:

What if the Foot, &c. ℣ 259, *&c.*

Who will not acknowledge, therefore, that ſo harmonious a

NOTES.

gle in his mind, which is *ſenſe*; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs have the notion or idea of an intellectual triangle likewiſe, which is *thought*; for this plain reaſon, becauſe every image or picture of a triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or rectangular, or acutangular; but that which, in his mind, is the ſubject of his propoſition is the *ratio* of a triangle, undetermined to any of theſe ſpecies. On this account it was that Ariſtotle ſaid, Νοήματά τινι διοίσει, τὰ μὴ φανταάσματα εἶναι, ἢ ὰδὲ ταῦτα φανταάσματα, ἀλλ' ὰκ ἄνευ φανταασμάτων. *The conceptions of the mind differ ſomewhat from ſenſible images; they are not ſenſible images, and yet not quite free or diſengaged from ſenſible images.*

Above, how high, progreſſive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee, 240
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike, 245
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.
Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

COMMENTARY.

connection in the diſpoſition of things, as is here deſcribed, is tranſcendently beautiful? But the *Fataliſts* ſuppoſe ſuch an one.—What then? Is the Firſt Free Agent, the great Cauſe of all things, debarred from a contrivance ſo exquiſite, becauſe ſome Men, to ſet up their idol, Fate, abſurdly repreſent it as preſiding over ſuch a ſyſtem?

NOTES.

VER. 243. *Or in the full creation leave a void, &c.*] This is only an illuſtration, alluding to the Peripatetic *plenum* and *vacuum*; the *full* and *void* here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

VER. 247. *And, if each ſyſtem in gradation* roll] The verb

The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'ns whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?

NOTES.

alludes to the *motion* of the planetary bodies of each ſyſtem; and to the *figures* deſcribed by that motion.

VER. 251. *Let earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progreſſive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre.

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels &c.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uſes an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Eſſay had afforded him; and that is the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpoſe, are highly poetical, at the ſame time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

VER. 259. *What if the foot, &c.*] This fine illuſtration in defence of the *Syſtem of Nature*, is taken from St. *Paul*, who employed it to defend the *Syſtem of Grace*.

Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 267. *All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,*] Having thus given a repreſentation of God's creation, as *one entire whole*, where all the parts have a neceſſary dependence on, and relation to each other, and where every Particular works and concurs to the perfection of the whole; as ſuch a ſyſtem would be thought above the reach of vulgar ideas; to reconcile it to common conceptions, he ſhews (from ℣ 266 to 281) that God is equally and intimately preſent to every ſort of *ſubſtance*, to every particle of *matter*, and in every inſtant of *being*; which eaſes the labouring imagination, and makes it expect no leſs, from ſuch a *Preſence*, than ſuch a *Diſpenſation*.

NOTES.

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, &c.*] See the Proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

VER. 266. *The great directing Mind &c.*] "Veneramur "autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus enim ſine domi- "nio, providentia, & cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam "FATUM & NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.*

VER. 268. *Whoſe body Nature is, &c.*] A certain examiner remarks, on this line, that "A Spinoziſt would expreſs him- "ſelf in this Manner." I believe he would, and ſo, we know, would St. Paul too, when writing on the ſame ſubject, namely the omnipreſence of God in his Providence, and in his Subſtance. *In him we live and move and have our being*; *i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring*, as the Greek poet, a pantheiſt quoted by the Apoſtle, obſerves: And the reaſon is, becauſe a religious theiſt and an impious pantheiſt both profeſs to believe the omnipreſence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind*

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame; 270

NOTES.

of all, who hath intentionally created a perfect Univerſe? Or would a Spinoziſt have told us,

The workman from the work diſtinct was known,

a line that overturns all Spinoziſm from its very foundations.

But this ſublime deſcription of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St. Paul; but, if that will not ſatisfy the men he writes againſt, the *philoſophy* likewiſe of Sir Iſaac Newton.

The Poet ſays,

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul,
That, chang'd thro' all, and *yet in all the ſame*,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent.

The Philoſopher:—"In ipſo continentur & moventur uni-
"verſa, ſed abſque mutua paſſione. Deus nihil patitur ex
"corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex om-
"nipræſentia Dei.—Corpore omni & figura corporea deſti-
"tuitur.---Omnia regit & omnia cognoſcit.---Cum unaquæ-
"que Spatii particula ſit ſemper, & unumquodque Durationis
"indiviſibile momentum, ubique certe rerum omnium Fa-
"bricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam.

Mr. Pope:

Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Sir Iſaac Newton:---"Annon ex phænomenis conſtat eſſe entem
"incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræſentem, qui

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

NOTES.

"in ſpatio infinito, tanquam ſenſorio ſuo, res ipſas intime "cernat, penituſque perſpiciat, totaſque intra ſe præſens præ-"ſentes complectatur."

But now admitting, there was an ambiguity in theſe expreſſions, ſo great, that a Spinoziſt might employ them to expreſs his own particular principles; and ſuch a thing might well be, becauſe the Spinoziſts, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to expreſs the Omnipreſence of God in terms that any religious Theiſt might employ. In this caſe, I ſay, how are we to judge of the poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the ſenſe of the Spinoziſts, and he is made, in the concluſion of his epiſtle, to overthrow all he has been advancing throughout the body of it: For Spinoziſm is the deſtruction of an Univerſe, where every thing tends, by a foreſeen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the whole. But allow him to employ the paſſage in the ſenſe of St. Paul, *That we and all creatures live and move and have our being in God*; and then it will be ſeen to be the moſt logical ſupport of all that had preceded. For the poet having, as we ſay, laboured through his epiſtle to prove, that every thing in the Univerſe tends, by a foreſeen contrivance, and a preſent direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the whole; it might be objected, that ſuch a diſpoſition of things implying in God a painful, operoſe, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be ſuppoſed that ſuch care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of the creation. This groſs conception of the Firſt Cauſe the poet expoſes, by ſhewing that God is equally and intimately preſent to every particle of Matter, to every ſort of Subſtance, and in every inſtant of Being.

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 281. *Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:*] And now the poet, as he had promiſed, having *vindicated the ways of God to Man*, concludes (from ℣ 280 to the end) that, from what had been ſaid, it appears, that the very things we blame, contribute to our Happineſs, either as Particulars, or as Parts of the Univerſal ſyſtem; that our State of Ignorance was allotted to us out of compaſſion; that yet we have as much Knowledge as is ſufficient to ſhew us that we are, and always ſhall be, as bleſt as we can bear; for that NATURE is neither a *Stratonic* chain of blind Cauſes and Effects,

(All Nature *is but* Art, *unknown to thee*)

nor yet the fortuitous reſult of *Epicurean* Atoms,

(*All* Chance, Direction, *which thou canſt not ſee*)

as thoſe two ſpecies of atheiſm ſuppoſed it; but the wonderful Art and Direction, unknown indeed to Man, of an all-powerful, all-wiſe, all-good, and free Being. And therefore, we may be aſſured, that the arguments, brought above, to prove partial moral Evil productive of univerſal Good, are concluſive; from

NOTES.

VER. 278. *As the rapt Seraph &c.*] Alluding to the name *Seraphim*, ſignifying *burners*.

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

COMMENTARY.

whence one certain truth reſults, in ſpite of all the pride and cavils of vain Reaſon, That WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

That the reader may ſee in one view the Exactneſs of the Method, as well as Force of the Argument, I ſhall here draw up a ſhort ſynopſis of this Epiſtle. The poet begins by telling us his ſubject is an Eſſay on Man: That his end of writing is *to vindicate Providence:* That he intends to derive his arguments, *from the viſible things of God ſeen in this ſyſtem:* Lays down this Propoſition, *That of all poſſible ſyſtems infinite Wiſdom has form'd the beſt:* draws from thence two Conſequences, 1. *That there muſt needs be ſomewhere ſuch a creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil which he is author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole.* This is his general Theſis; from whence he forms this Concluſion, *That Man ſhould reſt ſubmiſſive and content, and make the hopes of Futurity his comfort; but not ſuffer this to be the occaſion of* PRIDE, which is the cauſe of all his impious complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his Theſis.—Previouſly endeavours to abate our wonder at the phænomenon of *moral Evil*; ſhews, firſt, *its Uſe to the Perfection of the Univerſe*, by Analogy, from the uſe of *phyſical Evil* in this particular ſyſtem.—Secondly, *its uſe in this ſyſtem*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias, to promote Virtue. Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain *ſuppoſed natural Evils*; as he had before juſtified it for the Permiſſion of *real moral Evil*, in ſhewing that, though the atheiſt's complaint againſt Providence be on pretence of *real moral Evil*, yet the true cauſe is his impatience under *imaginary natural Evil*; the iſſue of a *depraved appetite for fantaſtical advantages*, which, if obtained, would be *uſeleſs* or *hurtful* to Man, and deforming

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:

COMMENTARY.

and deſtructive to the Univerſe, as breaking into that Order by which it is ſupported.---He deſcribes that *Order, Harmony, and cloſe Connection of the Parts*; and, by ſhewing the intimate preſence of God to his whole creation, gives a reaſon for an Univerſe ſo amazingly beautiful and perfect. From all this he deduces his general Concluſion, *That Nature being neither a blind chain of Cauſes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous reſult of wandering atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wiſe, all-good, and free Being*; WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, *with regard to the Diſpoſition of God, and its Ultimate Tendency*; which once granted, all complaints againſt Providence are at an end.

NOTES.

VER. 294. *One truth is clear, &c.*] It will be hard to think any caviller ſhould have objected to this concluſion, eſpecially when the author, in this very epiſtle, has himſelf thus explained it;

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, *muſt* be right, as relative to ALL---
So Man, who here ſeems *principal* alone,
Perhaps acts *ſecond* to ſome ſphere unknown;
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal:
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

But without any regard to the evidence of this illuſtration, there is one who exclaims: "See the general concluſion, "*All that is, is right.* So that at the ſight of Charles the "firſt loſing his head on the ſcaffold, we muſt have ſaid "*this is right*; at the ſight too of his judges condemning "him, we muſt have ſaid *this is right*; at the ſight of ſome "of theſe judges, taken and condemned for the action which "he had owned to be right, we muſt have cried out *this is doubly right.*" Never was any thing more amazing than that

And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

NOTES.

the abſurdities ariſing from the ſenſe in which this critic takes the grand principle, of *whatever is, is right*, did not ſhew him his miſtake: For could any one in his ſenſes employ a propoſition in a meaning from whence ſuch evident abſurdities *immediately* ariſe? I have obſerved, that this concluſion, *whatever is, is right*, is a conſequence of theſe premiſes, that *partial Evil tends to univerſal Good*; which the author employs as a principle to humble the pride of Man, who would impiouſly make God accountable for his creation. What then does common ſenſe teach us to underſtand by *whatever is, is right?* Did the poet mean right with regard to Man, or right with regard to God; right with regard to itſelf, or right with regard to its ultimate tendency? Surely WITH REGARD TO GOD; for he tells us his deſign is to *vindicate the ways of God to Man*. Surely, with regard to its ULTIMATE TENDENCY; for he tells us again, *all partial ill is univerſal good*, ℣ 291. Now is this any encouragement to Vice? Or does it take off from the crime of him who commits it, that God providentially produces Good out of Evil? Had Mr. Pope abruptly ſaid in his concluſion, *the reſult of all is, that whatever is, is right*, the objector had even then been inexcuſable for putting ſo abſurd a ſenſe upon the words, when he might have ſeen that it was a concluſion from the general principle abovementioned; and therefore muſt neceſſarily have another meaning. But what muſt we think of him, when the poet, to prevent miſtakes, had delivered, in this very place, the principle itſelf, together with this concluſion as the conſequence of it.

All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, "Whatever Is, is Right."

He could not have told his reader plainer that this concluſion was the conſequence of that principle, unleſs he had written THEREFORE in great Church letters.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties*, ℣ 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, ℣ 19, &c. II. *The two Principles of Man*, Self-love *and* Reaſon, *both neceſſary*, ℣ 53, &c. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why*, ℣ 67, &c. *Their end the ſame*, ℣ 81, &c. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, ℣ 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Paſſion, *and its force*, ℣ 132 to 160. *Its Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes*, ℣ 165, &c. *Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue*, ℣ 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reaſon, ℣ 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, ℣ 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections*, ℣ 238, &c. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of Men, ℣ 241. *How uſeful they are to* Society, ℣ 251. *And to the* Individuals, ℣ 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, ℣ 273, &c.

N. Blakey inv.t & delin. 1748. Ravenet Sculp.

Self-Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh,
Reason's at distance, and in Prospect lies:—
That sees immediate Good, by present Sense,
Reason the future, and the Consequence. —

Essay on Man. ep. II

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not to God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.
The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 2. *The proper ſtudy, &c.*] The poet having ſhewn, in the *firſt* epiſtle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion: and methodically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the *ſecond*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

But here preſently the accuſers of Providence would be apt to object, and ſay, Admit that we had run into an exceſs, while we pretended to cenſure or penetrate the deſigns of Providence, a matter indeed too high for us; yet have not you gone as far into the oppoſite extreme, while you only ſend us to the

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Plac'd on this Iſthmus, &c.*] As the poet hath given us this deſcription of man for the very contrary purpoſe to which *Sceptics* are wont to employ ſuch kind of paintings, namely, not to deter men from the *ſearch*, but to excite them to the *diſcovery* of truth; he hath, with great judgement, repreſented Man as doubting and wavering between the *right* and *wrong* object; from which ſtate there are great hopes he may be relieved by a careful and circumſpect uſe of Reaſon. On the contrary, had he ſuppoſed Man ſo blind as to be buſied in chuſing,

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;

COMMENTARY.

knowledge of our own Nature: You muſt mock us when you talk of this as a ſtudy; for who can doubt but we are intimately acquainted with OURSELVES? The proper concluſion therefore from your proof of our inability to comprehend the ways of God, is, that we ſhould turn ourſelves to the ſtudy of the frame of human nature. Thus, I ſay, would they be apt to object; for, of all men, thoſe who call themſelves *Freethinkers* are moſt given up to *Pride*, eſpecially that kind of it, which conſiſts in a boaſted knowledge of their own nature, the effects of which are ſo well

NOTES.

or doubtful in his choice, between two objects *equally wrong*, the caſe had appeared deſperate, and all *ſtudy of Man* had been effectually diſcouraged. But his Tranſlator, M. *Du Reſnel*, not ſeeing the reaſon and beauty of this conduct, hath run into the very abſurdity which, I have here ſhewn, Mr. Pope ſo artfully avoided. Of which, the learned Reader may take the following examples. The Poet ſays,

Man acts between; in doubt to *act*, or *reſt*.

Now he tells us 'tis Man's duty to *act*, not *reſt*, as the Stoics thought; and, to this their principle the latter word alludes, whoſe Virtue, as he ſays afterwards, is

——Fix'd as in a Froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But ſtrength of mind is EXERCISE not REST.

Now hear the Tranſlator, who is not for mincing matters,

Seroit-il en naiſſant *au travail condamné*?
Aux *douceurs du repos* ſeroit-il deſtiné?

and theſe are both wrong, for Man is neither condemned to *ſavage Toil and Labour*, nor yet indulged in the *Luxury of Reſt*. Again, the Poet, in a beautiful alluſion to Scripture

In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10

COMMENTARY.

expoſed in the *firſt* Epiſtle. The poet, therefore, to convince them that this ſtudy is leſs eaſy than they imagine, replies (from ℣ 2 to 19) to the *firſt* part of the objection, by deſcribing the dark and feeble ſtate of the human Underſtanding, with regard to the knowledge of ourſelves. And further, to ſtrengthen this argument, he ſhews, in anſwer to the *ſecond* part of the objection (from ℣ 18 to 31) that the higheſt advances in *natural knowledge* may be eaſily acquired, and yet we, all the while, continue very ignorant of *ourſelves*. For that neither the cleareſt ſcience, which reſults from the Newtonian philoſophy, nor the moſt ſublime, which is taught by the Platonic, will at all aſſiſt us in this ſelf-ſtudy; nay, what is more, that Religion itſelf, when grown fanatical and enthuſiaſtic, will be equally uſeleſs: Though pure and ſober Religion will beſt inſtruct us in Man's Nature, that knowledge being eſſential to Religion, whoſe ſubject is Man conſidered in all his relations; and, conſequently, whoſe object is God.

NOTES.

ſentiments, breaks out into this juſt and moral reflection on man's condition here,

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.

The Tranſlator turns this fine and ſober thought into the moſt outrageous Scepticiſm;

Ce n'eſt que pour mourir, qu'il eſt né, qu'il reſpire,
Et *toute ſa raiſon n'eſt preſque qu'un delire.*

and ſo makes his Author directly contradict himſelf, where he ſays of Man, that he hath

——too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide.

VER. 10. *Born but to die, &c.*] The author's meaning is, that, as we are *born to die*, and yet enjoy ſome ſmall portion of life; ſo, though we *reaſon to err*, yet we comprehend ſome few truths. This is the weak ſtate of Reaſon, in which Error mixes itſelf with all its true concluſions concerning Man's Nature.

Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

After ✠ 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, &c.*] *i. e.* The proper ſphere of his Reaſon is ſo narrow, and the exerciſe of it ſo nice, that the too immoderate uſe of it is attended with the ſame ignorance that proceeds from the not uſing it at all. Yet, tho' in both theſe caſes, he is *abuſed by himſelf*, he has it ſtill in his own power to *diſabuſe himſelf*, in making his paſſions ſubſervient to the *means*, and regulating his Reaſon by the *end* of Life.

VER. 12. *Whether he thinks too little, or too much:*] This is ſo true, that ignorance ariſes as well from puſhing our enquiries too far, as from not carrying them far enough, that we may obſerve, when Speculations, even in Science, are carried beyond a certain point; that point, where uſe is reaſonably ſuppoſed to end, and mere curioſity to begin; they conclude in the moſt extravagant and ſenſeleſs inferences; ſuch as the unreality of matter; the reality of ſpace; the ſervility of the Will, *&c.* The reaſon of this ſudden fall out of full light into utter darkneſs appears not to reſult from the natural condition of things, but to be the arbitrary decree of infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, which impoſed a barrier to the extravagances of its giddy lawleſs creature, always inclined to purſue truths of leſs importance too far, to the neglect of thoſe more neceſſary for his improvement in his ſtation here.

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

VARIATIONS.

As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
Till ſet on end and married to his mind.

NOTES.

VER. 17. *Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:*] Some have imagined that the author, by, *in endleſs error hurl'd*, meant, *caſt into endleſs error*, or *into the regions of endleſs error*, and therefore have taken notice of it as an incongruity of ſpeech. But they neither underſtood the poet's language, nor his ſenſe: to *hurl* and *caſt* are not ſynonymous; but related only as the genus and ſpecies; for to *hurl* ſignifies, not ſimply to *caſt*, but to *caſt backward and forward*, and is taken from the rural game called *hurling*. So that, *into endleſs error hurl'd*, as theſe critics would have it, would have been a barbariſm. His words therefore ſignify, *toſſed about in endleſs error*; and this he intended they ſhould ſignify, as appears from the antitheſis, *ſole judge of truth*. So that the ſenſe of the whole is,—"Tho', as "ſole judge of truth, he is now fixed and ſtable; yet, as in-"volved in *endleſs error*, he is now again *hurl'd*, or toſſed up "and down in it." This ſhews us how cautious we ought to be in cenſuring the expreſſions of a writer, one of whoſe characteriſtic qualities was correctneſs of expreſſion and propriety of ſentiment.

VER. 20. *Go, meaſure earth, &c.*] Alluding to the noble

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

VARIATIONS.

Go, reaſoning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, &c.——

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

NOTES.

and uſeful project of the modern Mathematicians, to meaſure a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to aſtronomy and navigation.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Iſaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of the colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

VER. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom, &c.*] Theſe two lines are a concluſion from all that had been ſaid from ℣ 18, to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 31. *Superior beings, &c.*] To give this second argument its full force, he illustrates it (from ♆ 30 to 43) by the noblest example that ever was in science, the incomparable NEWTON; who, although he penetrated so far beyond others into the works of GOD, yet could go no further in the knowledge of his own nature than the generality of his fellows. Of which the poet assigns this very just and adequate reason. In all *other sciences* the Understanding is unchecked and uncontrouled by any opposite principle; but in the science of *Man*, the Passions overturn as fast as Reason can build up.

NOTES.

with thy acquirements in *real* science, and *imaginary* intimacy with God; go, and run into all the extravagancies I have exploded in the first epistle, where thou pretendest to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obscurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifest thy ignorance and folly.

VER. 31. *Superior beings, &c.*] In these lines he speaks to this effect: But to make you fully sensible of the difficulty of this study, I shall instance in the great Newton himself; whom, when superior beings, not long since, saw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of such prodigious sagacity should not be reckoned of their own order; just as men, when they see the surprizing marks of Reason in an Ape, are almost tempted to rank him with their own kind. And yet this wondrous Man could go no further in the knowledge of himself than the generality of his species. In which we see it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's *qualities*, but its *sagacity*, into the comparison. But why the *Ape's*, it may be said, rather than the sagacity of some more decent animal, particularly the *half-reasoning elephant*, as the poet calls it; which, as

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind? 36
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. 1ſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

NOTES.

well on account of this its ſuperiority, as for its having no ridiculous ſide, like the Ape, on which it could be viewed, ſeems better to have deſerved this honour? I reply, Becauſe, as none but a ſhape *reſembling human*, accompanied with great ſagacity, could occaſion the *doubt* of that animal's relation to Man, the Ape only having that reſemblance, no other animal was fitted for the compariſon. And on this ground of relation the whole beauty of the thought depends; Newton and thoſe ſuperior ſpirits being equally framed for immortality, though of different orders. And here let me take notice of a new ſpecies of the Sublime, of which our poet may be juſtly ſaid to be the maker; ſo new, that we have yet no name for it, though of a nature diſtinct from every other poetical excellence. The two great perfections of works of genius are Wit and Sublimity. Many writers have been witty, ſeveral have been ſublime, and ſome few have even poſſeſſed both theſe qualities ſeparately; but none that I know of, beſides our Poet, hath had the art to incorporate them; of which he hath given many examples, both in this Eſſay and his other poems, one of the nobleſt being the paſſage in queſtion. This ſeems to be the laſt effort of the imagination, to poetical perfection: and in this compounded excellence the Wit receives a dignity from the Sublime, and the Sublime a Splendor from the Wit; which, in their ſtate of ſeparate exiſtence, they both wanted.

VER. 37. *Who ſaw its fires here riſe, &c.*] Sir Iſaac New-

Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Trace Science then, &c.*] The concluſion, therefore, from the whole is (from ver. 42 to 53) that, as on the one

NOTES.

ton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its deſcent to, and aſcent from the Sun, conjectured, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

VER. 45.—*Vanity, or dreſs,*] Theſe are the firſt parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the ſcholar's *equipage of Pride.* By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By *dreſs*, is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expreſſion, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns; and with great judgment. Conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion, being as well the beſt *inſtruments*, as the beſt *vehicles* of Truth. *Shakeſpear* touches upon this latter advantage with great force and humour. The Flatterer ſays to *Timon* in diſtreſs, "I cannot "*cover* the monſtrous bulk of their ingratitude with any *ſize of* "*words.*" The other replies, "Let it go *naked*, men may "ſee't the better."

Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;

COMMENTARY.

hand, we ſhould perſiſt in the ſtudy of Nature; ſo, on the other, in order to arrive at Science, we ſhould proceed in the ſimplicity of Truth; and the product, tho' ſmall, will yet be real.

VER. 53. *Two Principles, &c.*] The poet having thus ſhewn the difficulty attending the ſtudy of Man, proceeds to remove it, by laying before us the elements or true principles of this ſcience, in an account of the *Origin*, *Uſe*, and *End* of the PASSIONS; which, in my opinion, contains the trueſt, cleareſt,

NOTES.

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;*] The *Luxury of Learning* conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palatable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to ſave pains and labour, it is called *idleneſs*.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſmall quantity of matter*; the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, *&c.*

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;*] That is, when *Admiration* ſets the mind on the rack.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts---Of all our vices have created Arts;*] *i. e.* Thoſe parts of natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, *&c.* that adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, *&c.*

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

COMMENTARY.

ſhorteſt, and conſequently the beſt ſyſtem of Ethics that is any where to be met with. He begins (from ℣ 52 to 59) with pointing out the two grand principles in human nature, SELF-LOVE and REASON. Deſcribes their general nature: The firſt ſets Man upon acting, the other regulates his action. However, theſe principles are *natural*, not *moral*; and, therefore, in themſelves, neither good nor bad, but ſo only as they are directed. This obſervation is made with great judgment, in oppoſition to the deſperate folly of thoſe fanatics, who, as the Aſcetic, pretend to eradicate Self-love; as the Myſtic, would ſtifle Reaſon; and both, on the abſurd fancy of their being moral, not natural principles.

VER. 59. *Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul*;] The poet proceeds (from ℣ 58 to 67) more minutely to mark out the diſtinct offices of theſe two principles, which he had before aſſigned only in general; and here he ſhews their neceſſity; for without Self-love, as the *ſpring*, Man would be unactive; and without Reaſon, as the *balance*, active to no purpoſe.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 67. *Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires*;] Having thus explained the ends and offices of each principle, he goes on (from ℣ 66 to 79) to ſpeak of their qualities; and ſhews how they are fitted to diſcharge thoſe functions, and anſwer their reſpective intentions. The buſineſs of Self-love being to excite to action, it is quick and impetuous; and moving inſtinctively, has, like attraction, its force prodigiouſly increaſed as the object approaches, and proportionably leſſened as that recedes. On the contrary, Reaſon, like the Author of attraction, is always calm and ſedate, and equally preſerves itſelf, whether the object be near or far off. Hence the moving principle is made more ſtrong, though the reſtraining be more quick-ſighted. The conſequence he draws from this is, that if we would not be carried away to our deſtruction, we muſt always keep Reaſon upon guard.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.*] *i. e.* By *experience* Reaſon collects the *future*; and by *argumentation*, the *conſequence*.

Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught —

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Attention, &c.*] But it would be objected, that, if this account were true, human life would be moſt miſerable; and, even in the wiſeſt, a perpetual conflict between Reaſon and the Paſſions. To this, therefore, the poet replies (from ♪ 78 to 81) firſt, that Providence has ſo graciouſly contrived, that even in the voluntary exerciſe of Reaſon, as in the mere mechanic motion of a limb, Habit makes what was at firſt done with pain, eaſy and natural. And, ſecondly, that the experience gained by the long exerciſe of Reaſon, goes a great way towards eluding the force of Self-love. Now the attending to Reaſon, as here recommended, will gain us this habit and experience. Hence it appears, that this ſtation, in which Reaſon is to be kept conſtantly upon guard, is not ſo uneaſy a one as may be at firſt imagined.

VER. 81. *Let ſubtle ſchoolmen, &c.*] From this deſcription of Self-love and Reaſon it follows, as the poet obſerves (from ♪ 80 to 93) that both conſpire to one end, namely, human happineſs, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means; the difference being this, that the firſt haſtily ſeizes

Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:

COMMENTARY.

every thing which hath the appearance of good; the other weighs and examines whether it *be indeed* what it appears.

This ſhews, as he next obſerves, the folly of the ſchoolmen, who conſider them as two oppoſite principles, the one good and the other evil. The obſervation is ſeaſonable and judicious; for this dangerous ſchool-opinion gives great ſupport to the Manichæan or Zoroaſtrian error, the confutation of which was one of the author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles* in Man, a *good* and *bad*, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichæan deities (the firſt of which contributed to his *Reaſon*, the other to his *Paſſions*) rather than the creature of one Individual Cauſe. This was Plutarch's notion, and, as we may ſee in him, of the more ancient Manichæans. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobrate and ſubvert a notion that ſerved to the ſupport of ſo dangerous an error: And this the poet has done with more force and clearneſs than is often to be found in whole volumes written againſt that heretical opinion.

VER. 93. *Modes of Self-love, &c.*] Having given this account of the nature of Self-love in general, he comes now to anatomize it, in a diſcourſe on the PASSIONS, which he aptly names the *modes* of Self-love. The object of all theſe, he ſhews (from ℣ 92 to 101) is good; and, when under the guidance of Reaſon, real good, either of ourſelves or of another; for ſome goods not being capable of diviſion or communication, and Reaſon at the ſame time directing us to provide for ourſelves,

But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.

COMMENTARY.

we therefore, in purſuit of theſe objects, ſometimes aim at our own good, ſometimes at the good of others: when fairly aiming at our own, the quality is called *Prudence*; when at another's, *Virtue*.

Hence (as he ſhews from ℣ 100 to 105) appears the folly of the Stoics, who would eradicate the Paſſions, things ſo neceſſary both to the good of the Individual and of the Kind. Which prepoſterous method of promoting Virtue he therefore very reaſonably reproves.

VER. 105. *The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,*] But as it was from obſervation of the evils occaſioned by the Paſſions, that the Stoics thus extravagantly projected their extirpation, the poet recurs (from ℣ 104 to 111) to his grand principle, ſo often before, and to ſo good purpoſe, inſiſted on, that *partial Ill is univerſal Good*; and ſhews, that though the tempeſt of the Paſſions, like that of the air, may tear and ravage ſome few parts of nature in its paſſage, yet the ſalutary agitation produced by it preſerves the whole in life and vigour. This is his *firſt* argument againſt the Stoics, which he illuſtrates by

On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After ℣ 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

COMMENTARY.

a very beautiful ſimilitude, on a hint taken from Scripture:

Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

VER. 111. *Paſſions, like Elements, &c.*] His *ſecond* argument againſt the Stoics (from ℣ 110 to 133) is, that Paſſions go to the compoſition of a moral character, juſt as elementary particles go to the compoſition of an organized body: Therefore, for Man to project the deſtruction of what compoſes his very Being, is the height of extravagance. 'Tis true, he tells us,

NOTES.

VER. 109. *Nor God alone, &c.*] Theſe words are only a ſimple affirmation in the poetic dreſs of a ſimilitude, to this purpoſe: Good is not only produced by the ſubdual of the Paſſions, but by the turbulent exerciſe of them. A truth conveyed under the moſt ſublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only ſhewing the providential iſſue of the Paſſions, and how, by God's gracious diſpoſition, they are turned away from their natural byas, to promote the happineſs of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom

Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:

COMMENTARY.

that theſe Paſſions, which, in their natural ſtate, like elements, are in perpetual jar, muſt be tempered, ſoftened, and united, in order to perfect the work of the great plaſtic Artiſt; who, in this office, employs human Reaſon; whoſe buſineſs it is to follow the road of Nature, and to obſerve the dictates of the Deity; *Follow her and God.* The uſe and importance of this precept is evident: For in doing the firſt, ſhe will diſcover the abſurdity of attempting to eradicate the Paſſions; in doing the ſecond, ſhe will learn how to make them ſubſervient to the intereſts of Virtue.

VER. 123. *Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;*] His *third* argument againſt the Stoics (from ℣ 122 to 127) is, that the Paſſions are a continual ſpur to the purſuit of Happineſs; which, without theſe powerful inciters, we ſhould neglect, and ſink into a ſenſeleſs indolence. Now Happineſs is the end of our

NOTES.

they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is only this, that they ſhould not be quite rooted up and

Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;

COMMENTARY.

creation; and this excitement the means of Happineſs; therefore, theſe movers, the Paſſions, are the inſtruments of God, which he hath put into the hands of Reaſon to work withal.

VER. 127. *All ſpread their charms, &c.*] The poet now proceeds in his ſubject; and this laſt obſervation leads him naturally to the diſcuſſion of his next principle. He ſhews then, that though all the Paſſions have their turn in ſwaying the determinations of the mind, yet every Man hath one MASTER PASSION that at length ſtifles or abſorbs all the reſt. The fact he illuſtrates at large in his epiſtle to Lord Cobham. Here (from ℣ 126 to 149) he giveth us the cauſe of it. Thoſe Pleaſures or Goods, which are the objects of the Paſſions, affect the mind by ſtriking on the ſenſes; but, as through the formation of the organs of our frame, every man hath ſome one ſenſe ſtronger and more acute than others, the object which ſtrikes that ſtronger or acuter ſenſe, whatever it be, will be the object moſt deſired; and conſequently, the purſuit of that will be the *ruling Paſſion*. That the difference of force in this ruling Paſſion ſhall, at firſt, perhaps, be very ſmall or even imperceptible; but Nature, Habit, Imagination, Wit, nay even Reaſon itſelf ſhall aſſiſt its growth, 'till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itſelf. All which is delivered in a ſtrain of Poetry ſo won-

NOTES.

deſtroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers in all religions, fooliſhly attempted. For the reſt, he conſtantly repeats this advice,

The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

COMMENTARY.

derfully ſublime, as ſuſpends, for a while, the *ruling paſſion*, in every Reader, and engroſſes his whole Admiration.

This naturally leads the poet to lament the weakneſs and inſufficiency of human Reaſon (from ℣ 148 to 161) and the purpoſe he had in ſo doing, was plainly to intimate the neceſſity of a more perfect diſpenſation to Mankind.

NOTES.

VER. 133. *As Man perhaps &c.*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta "omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et "eo conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta." *Plin.* l. vii. *N. H.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus, and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.

We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;

NOTES.

VER. 147. *Reaſon itſelf, &c.*] The poet, in ſome other of his epiſtles, gives examples of the doctrine and precepts here delivered. Thus, in that *Of the uſe of Riches*, he has illuſtrated this truth in the character of Cotta:

> Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
> Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.
> What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
> His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
> If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
> Than bramins, ſaints, and ſages did before.

VER. 149. *We, wretched Subjects &c.*] St. Paul himſelf did not chuſe to employ other arguments, when diſpoſed to give us the higheſt idea of the uſefulneſs of Chriſtianity (*Rom.* vii.) But, it may be, the poet finds a remedy in Natural Religion. Far from it. He here leaves reaſon unrelieved. What is this then, but an intimation that we ought to ſeek for a cure in that religion, which only dares profeſs to give it?

Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 161. *Yes, Nature's road &c.*] Now as it appears, from the account here given of the *ruling Paſſion* and its cauſe which reſults from the ſtructure of the organs, that it is the road of Nature, the poet ſhews (from ℣ 160 to 167) that this road is to be followed. So that the office of Reaſon is not to direct us what Paſſion to exerciſe, but to aſſiſt us in RECTIFYING, and keeping within due bounds, that which Nature hath ſo ſtrongly impreſſed; becauſe

A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends.

NOTES.

VER. 163. *'Tis hers to rectify, &c.*] The meaning of this precept is, That as the ruling Paſſion is implanted by Nature, it is Reaſon's office to regulate, direct, and reſtrain, but not to overthrow it. To regulate the paſſion of Avarice, for inſtance, into a parſimonious diſpenſation of the public revenues; to direct the paſſion of Love, whoſe object is worth and beauty,

To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair,

τὸ καλόν τ' ἀγαθόν, as his maſter Plato adviſes; and to reſtrain Spleen to a contempt and hatred of Vice. This is what

Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence; 171
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 167. *Like warying winds, &c.*] The poet having proved that the *ruling paſſion* (ſince Nature hath given it us) is not to be overthrown, but *rectified*, the next inquiry will be of what *uſe* the ruling Paſſion is; for an uſe it muſt have, if reaſon be to treat it thus mildly. This uſe he ſhews us (from ver. 166 to 197) is twofold, Natural and Moral.

1. Its *Natural* uſe is to conduct Men ſteddily to one certain end; who would otherwiſe be eternally fluctuating between the equal violence of various and diſcordant paſſions, driving them up and down at random; and, by that means, to enable them to promote the good of Society, by making each a contributor to the common ſtock:

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe, &c.

2. Its *Moral* uſe is to ingraft our ruling Virtue upon it; and by that means to enable us to promote our own good, by turn-

NOTES.

the poet meant, and what every unprejudiced man could not but ſee he muſt needs mean, by RECTIFYING THE MASTER PASSION, though he had not confined us to this ſenſe, in the reaſon he gives of his precept, in theſe words:

A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends.

For what ends are they which God impels to, but the ends of Virtue?

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;

COMMENTARY.

ing the exorbitancy of the *ruling paſſion* into its neighbouring Virtue:

See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply; &c.

The wiſdom of the divine Artiſt is, as the poet finely obſerves, very illuſtrious in this contrivance; for the mind and body having now one common intereſt, the efforts of Virtue will have their force infinitely augmented:

'Tis thus the Mercury, &c.

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Sham
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

VARIATIONS.

After ✝ 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk; and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 197. *Reaſon the byaſs, &c.*] But leſt it ſhould be ob jected that this account favours the doctrine of Neceſſity, an would inſinuate that Men are only acted upon, in the pro duction of Good out of Evil; the poet teacheth (from ✝ 19 to 203) that Man is a free agent, and hath it in his ow power to turn the natural paſſions into Virtues or into Vice properly ſo called:

The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is ſublime:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

COMMENTARY.

Reaſon the byaſs turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

Secondly, if it ſhould be objected, that though he doth indeed tell us ſome actions are beneficial and ſome hurtful, yet he could not call thoſe *virtuous* nor theſe *vicious*, becauſe, as he hath deſcribed things, the motive appears to be only the gratification of ſome paſſion; give me leave to anſwer for him, that this would be miſtaking the argument, which (to ℣ 249 of this epiſtle) conſiders the paſſions only with regard to *Society*, that is, with regard to their *effects* rather than their *motives*. That however, 'tis his deſign to teach that actions are *properly virtuous and vicious*; and though it be difficult to diſtinguiſh genuine Virtue from ſpurious, they having both the ſame appearance, and both the ſame public effects, yet they may be diſembarraſſed. If it be aſked, by what means? He replies (from ℣ 202 to 205) By Conſcience; which is to the purpoſe; for it is ſolely a Man's own concern to know whether his Virtue be pure and ſolid; for

NOTES.

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phraſe for Conſcience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the judgment we paſs of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conſcience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkneſs in this chaos of the paſſions.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

COMMENTARY.

what is it to *others*, whether this Virtue, while, as to them, the effects of it is the ſame, be real or unſubſtantial?

VER. 205. *Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,*] But ſtill it will be ſaid, why all this difficulty to diſtinguiſh true Virtue from falſe? The poet ſhews why (from ✝ 204 to 211) That though indeed Vice and Virtue ſo invade each other's bounds, that ſometimes we can ſcarce tell where one ends and the other begins, yet great purpoſes are ſerved thereby, no leſs than the perfecting the conſtitution of the whole, as lights and ſhades, which run into one another in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and ſpirit of the compoſition. But on this account to ſay there is neither Vice nor Virtue, the poet ſhews (from ✝ 219 to 217) would be juſt as wiſe as to ſay there is neither black nor white; becauſe the ſhade of that and the light of this often run into one another:

Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

This is an error of *ſpeculation*, which leads Men ſo fooliſhly to conclude, that there is neither Vice nor Virtue.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;

VARIATIONS.

After ♆ 220. in the 1ſt. Edition, followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ♆ 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief the Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 217. *Vice is a monſter, &c.*] There is another Error of *practice*, which hath more common and fatal effects; and is next conſidered (from ♆ 216 to 231.). It is this, that though, at the firſt aſpect, Vice be ſo horrible as to affright all beholders, yet, when by habit we are once grown familiar with her, we firſt ſuffer, and in time begin to loſe the memory of her nature; which neceſſarily implies an equal ignorance in the nature of Virtue. Hence Men conclude, that there is neither one nor the other.

VER. 221. *But where th' Extreme of Vice, &c.*] But it is not

Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;

COMMENTARY.

only that extreme of Vice next to Virtue, which betrays us into theſe miſtakes. We are deceived too, as he ſhews us (from ℣ 220 to 231) by our obſervations about the other extreme: For from the extreme of Vice being unſettled, Men conclude that Vice itſelf is only nominal.

VER. 231. *Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,*] There is yet a third cauſe of this error, of *no Vice, no Virtue*, compoſed of the other two, *i. e.* partly *ſpeculative*, and partly *practical*. And this alſo the poet here conſiders (from ℣ 230 to 239) ſhewing it ariſeth from the imperfection of the beſt characters, and the inequality of all; whence it happens that no Man is extremely virtuous or vicious, nor extremely conſtant in the purſuit of either. Why it ſo happens, the Poet, with admirable ſagacity, aſſigns the cauſe, in this line:

For, Vice or Virtue, SELF directs it ſtill.

An adherence or regard to what is, in the ſenſe of the world, a Man's own Intereſt, making an extreme in either impoſſible. Its effect in keeping a good Man from the extreme of Virtue, needs no explanation; and in an ill Man, Self-intereſt ſhewing him the neceſſity of ſome kind of reputation, the procuring, and preſerving that, will neceſſarily keep him from the extreme of Vice.

Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 239. *That counterworks each folly and caprice;*] The mention of this principle, that *Self* directs Vice and Virtue, and its conſequence, which is, that

Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal,

leads the author to obſerve

That HEAV'N's great View is One, and that the Whole.

And this brings him naturally round again to his main ſubject, namely, *God's producing good out of ill*, which he proſecutes from ver. 238 to 249.

VER. 249. *Heav'n forming each on other to depend,*] I. Hitherto the Poet hath been employed in diſcourſing of the uſe of the Paſſions, with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his

Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.

COMMENTARY.

doctrine from objections: This is the *firſt* general diviſion of the ſubject of this epiſtle.

II. He comes to ſhew (from 248 to 261) the uſe of theſe Paſſions, with regard to the more confined circle of our Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance: and this is the *ſecond* general diviſion.

VER. 261. *Whate'er the Paſſion, &c.*] III. The poet having thus ſhewn the uſe of the Paſſions in *Society*, and in *Domeſtic*

NOTES.

VER. 253. *Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally The common int'reſt, &c.*] As theſe lines have been miſunderſtood, I ſhall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To theſe frailties (ſays he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally diſpoſes Men to think more ſeriouſly of the true value of things, and conſequently of their proviſion for a future ſtate, the conſideration, that the grounds of thoſe joys, loves, and friendſhips, are wants, frailties, and paſſions, proves the beſt expedient to wean

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.

COMMENTARY.

life; he comes, in the laſt place (from 260 to the end) to ſhew their uſe to the *Individual*, even in their illuſions; the imaginary happineſs they preſent, helping to make the real miſeries of life leſs inſupportable: And this is his *third* general diviſion:

—Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days, &c.
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.

Which muſt needs vaſtly raiſe our idea of God's goodneſs, who hath not only provided more than a counter balance of real happineſs to human miſeries, but hath even, in his infinite compaſſion, beſtowed on thoſe, who were ſo fooliſh as not to have made this proviſion, an imaginary happineſs; that they may not be quite over-borne with the load of human miſeries. This is the poet's great and noble thought; as ſtrong and ſolid as it is new

NOTES.

us from the world; a diſengagement ſo friendly to that proviſion we are now making for another. The obſervation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it ſo well confirms, by an inſtance of great moment, the general theſis, *That God makes Ill, at every ſtep, productive of Good.*

VER. 270.—*the poet in his Muſe.*] The author having ſaid, that no one would change his profeſſion or views for thoſe of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill further, and

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age;

COMMENTARY.

and ingenious; which teaches, That theſe illuſions are the follies of Men, which they willfully fall into, and through their own fault; thereby depriving themſelves of much happineſs, and expoſing themſelves to equal miſery: But that ſtill God (according to his univerſal way of working) graciouſly turns theſe follies ſo far to the advantage of his miſerable creatures, as to be the preſent ſolace and ſupport of their diſtreſſes:

—Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

NOTES.

ſhew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock:
I queſtion much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*.

but wanting another proper inſtance of this truth when he publiſhed his laſt Edition of the Eſſay, he reſerved the lines above for ſome following one.

VER. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:*] A Satire on what is called in Popery the *Opus operatum*. As this is a deſcription of the circle of human life returning into itſelf by a ſecond child-hood, the poet has with great elegance concluded his deſcription with the ſame image with which he let out.

Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

NOTES.

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:*] An eminent Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle. "Se-
"lon la Juſtice (ſays this equitable Divine) tout travail hon-
"nête doit être recompenſé de loüange ou de ſatisfaction.
"Quand les bons eſprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils ſont
"juſtement recompenſez par les ſuffrages du Public. Quand
"un pauvre eſprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mauvais
"ouvrage, il n'eſt pas juſte ni raiſonable, qu'il attende des
"loüanges publiques: car elles ne lui ſont pas dues. Mais
"afin que ſes travaux ne demeurent pas ſans recompenſe, *Dieu*
"lui donne une ſatisfaction perſonelle, que perſonne ne lui
"peut envier ſans une injuſtice plus que barbare; tout ainſi
"que Dieu, qui eſt juſte, donne de la ſatisfaction aux Grenoü-
"illes de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur
"mécontentement, ſeroit ſuffiſant pour les réduire au deſeſpoir."

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature, and State of Man *with reſpect to* Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society*, ℣ 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, ℣ 27. *The happineſs of* Animals *mutual*, ℣ 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual*, ℣ 79. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society, in all animals*, ℣ 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct*, ℣ 115. *How much farther by Reaſon*, ℣ 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the invention of* Arts, ℣ 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, ℣ 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies*, ℣ 196. *Origin of Monarchy*, ℣ 207. *Patriarchal Government*, ℣ 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle, of Love*, ℣ 231, &c. *Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle, of Fear*, ℣ 237, &c. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good*, ℣ 266. *Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt principle*, ℣ 285. *Mixt Government*, ℣ 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all*, ℣ 300, &c.

N. Blakey inv. et del. Ravenet sculp.

"See some fit Passion every Age supply,—
"Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Pope's Mor. Ess. p. II.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. in ſeveral Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe &c.

COMMENTARY.

WE are now come to the third epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions, in the ſecond epiſtle, that Man hath ſocial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the ſecond, which conſidered him as an INDIVIDUAL. And as the concluſion from the ſubject of the firſt epiſtle made the introduction to the ſecond, ſo here again, the concluſion of the ſecond

(Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.)

maketh the introduction to the third.

VER. 1.

Here then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

The reaſon of *variety* in thoſe laws, which tend to *one* and the ſame *end*, the good of the Whole generally, is, becauſe the good of the individual is likewiſe to be provided for; both which together make up the good of the Whole univerſally. And this is the cauſe, as the poet ſays elſewhere, that

Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal.

But to prevent our reſting there, God hath made each need the aſſiſtance of another; and ſo

On mutual wants built mutual happineſs.

In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

COMMENTARY.

It was neceſſary to explain theſe two firſt lines, the better to ſee the pertinency and force of what followeth (from ℣ 2 to 7) where the poet warns ſuch to take notice of this truth, whoſe circumſtances placing them in an imaginary ſtation of Independence, and a real one of inſenſibility to mutual Wants (from whence general Happineſs reſults) make them but too apt to overlook the true ſyſtem of things; *viz.* Men in full health and opulence. This caution was neceſſary with regard to Society; but ſtill more neceſſary with regard to Religion: Therefore he eſpecially recommends the memory of it both to Clergy and Laity, when they preach or pray; becauſe the preacher, who doth not conſider the firſt Cauſe under this view, as a Being conſulting the good of the whole, muſt needs give a very unworthy idea of him; and the ſupplicant, who prayeth as one not related to a whole, or as diſregarding the happineſs of it, will not only pray in vain, but offend his Maker by an impious attempt to counter-work his diſpenſation.

VER. 7. *Look round our World; &c.*] Next he introduceth his ſyſtem of human Sociability (℣ 7, 8) by ſhewing it to be the

NOTES.

VER. 3. — *ſuperfluous health,*] Immoderate labour and ſtudy are the great impairers of health: They, whoſe ſtation ſets them above both, muſt needs have an abundance of health, which not being employed in the common ſervice, but waſted in Luxury, the poet properly calls a *ſuperfluity.*

VER. 4. — *impudence of wealth,*] Becauſe *wealth* pretends

See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:

COMMENTARY.

dictate of the Creator; and that Man, in this, did but follow the example of general Nature, which is united in one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence.

VER. 9. *See plaſtic Nature working to this end,*] This he proveth, *firſt* (from ℣ 8 to 13) on the noble theory of Attraction, from the œconomy of the material world; where there is a general conſpiracy in all the particles of Matter to work for one end; the uſe, beauty, and harmony of the whole maſs.

VER. 13. *See Matter next, &c.*] The *ſecond* argument (from ℣ 12 to 27) is taken from the vegetable and animal world; whoſe Beings ſerve mutually for the production, ſupport, and ſuſtentation of each other.

But this part of the argument, in which the poet tells us, that God

Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving—

NOTES.

to be wiſdom, wit, learning, honeſty, and, in ſhort, all the virtues in their turns.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, &c.*] To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts, is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*.

All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?

COMMENTARY.

awaking again the old pride of his adverſaries, who cannot bear that Man ſhould be thought to be *ſerving* as well as *ſerved*; he takes this occaſion again to humble them (from ℣ 26 to 49) by the ſame kind of argument he had ſo ſucceſsfully employed in the firſt epiſtle, and which our comment on that epiſtle hath conſidered at large.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræſens eſt, "non per virtutem ſolam, ſed etiam per ſubſtantiam: nam "virtus ſine ſubſtantia ſubſiſtere non poteſt. *Newt. Princ. ſchol. gen. ſub fin.*

VER. 23. *Greateſt with the leaſt*;] As acting more ſtrongly and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an external reaſon; which made an old ſchool-man ſay, with great elegance, "Deus eſt anima brutorum:"

In this 'tis God directs —

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 46. in the former Edition,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Goodſe could judge, he reaſon'd right,
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf*, PROV. xvi. 4.

And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;*] However, his adverſaries, loth to give up the queſtion, will reaſo upon the matter; and we are now to ſuppoſe them objectin againſt Providence in this manner.—We grant, ſay they, tha in the irrational, as in the inanimate creation, all is *ſerved*, an all is *ſerving*: But, with regard to Man, the caſe is different he ſtandeth ſingle. For his reaſon hath endowed him bot with power and addreſs ſufficient to make all things ſerve him and his Self-love, of which you have ſo largely provided fo him, will indiſpoſe him, in his turn, to ſerve any: Therefo your theory is imperfect.—Not ſo, replies the poet (from ver. 4 to 79) I grant that Man, indeed, affects to be the Wit and Ty rant of the whole, and would fain ſhake off

— that chain of love,
Combining all below and all above:

But Nature, even by the very gift of Reaſon, checks this tyra For Reaſon endowing Man with the ability of ſetting togeth the memory of the paſt with his conjectures about the futur and paſt misfortunes making him apprehenſive of more to com this diſpoſeth him to pity and relieve others in a ſtate of ſuffe ing. And the paſſion growing habitual, naturally extendeth

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:*] I luding to the *witty* ſyſtem of that Philoſopher, which ma Animals mere Machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure; and encouraged Men in the exerciſe of that *Tyranny* over their l low-creatures, conſequent on ſuch a principle.

Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th'extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;

COMMENTARY.

effects to all that have a ſenſe of ſuffering. Now as brutes have neither Man's Reaſon, nor his inordinate Self-love, to draw them from the ſyſtem of Benevolence; ſo they wanted not, and therefore have not, this human ſympathy of another's miſery. By which paſſion, we ſee, thoſe qualities, in Man, balance one another; and ſo retain him in that general Order, in which Providence hath placed its whole creation. But this is not all; Man's intereſt, amuſement, vanity, and luxury, tie him ſtill cloſer to the ſyſtem of benevolence, by obliging him to provide for the ſupport of other animals; and though it be, for the moſt part, only to devour them with the greater guſt, yet this does not abate the proper happineſs of the animals ſo preſerved, to whom Providence hath not imparted the uſeleſs knowledge of their end. From all which it appears, that the theory is yet uniform and perfect.

Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Whether with Reaſon, &c.*] But even to this, as a caviller would ſtill object, we muſt ſuppoſe him ſo to do, —Admit (ſays he) you have ſhewn that Nature hath endowed all animals, whether human or brutal, with ſuch faculties as admirably fit them to promote the general good: yet, in its care for this, hath not Nature neglected to provide for the private good of the individual? We have cauſe to think ſhe hath; and we ſuppoſe, it was on this excluſive conſideration that ſhe kept back from brutes the gift of Reaſon (ſo neceſſary a means of private happineſs) becauſe Reaſon, as we find in the inſtance of

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Then favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th'unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 84. in the MS.

While Man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

COMMENTARY.

Man, where there is occaſion for all the complicated contrivance you have deſcribed above, to make the effects of his Paſſions counter-work the immediate powers of his Reaſon, *in order to* keep him ſubſervient to the general ſyſtem; Reaſon, we ſay, naturally tends to draw Beings into a *private, independent ſyſtem*. This the poet anſwers, by ſhewing (from ℣ 78 to 109) that the happineſs of animal and that of human life are widely different: The happineſs of human life conſiſting in the improvement of the mind, can be procured by Reaſon only; but the happineſs of animal life conſiſting in the gratifications of ſenſe, is beſt promoted by Inſtinct. And, with regard to the regular and conſtant operation of each, in *that*, Inſtinct hath plainly the advantage; for here God directs immediately; there, only mediately through Man.

Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 109. *God, in the nature of each being, &c.*] The author now cometh to the main ſubject of his epiſtle, the proof of Man's SOCIABILITY, from the two general ſocieties compoſed by him; the *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority; and the *civil*, ſubject to that of a *magiſtrate*. This he hath the addreſs to introduce, from what had preceded, in ſo eaſy and na-

But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs.
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.

COMMENTARY.

tural a manner, as ſheweth him to have the art of giving all the grace to the dryneſs and ſeverity of Method, as well as wit to the ſtrength and depth of Reaſon. The philoſophic nature of his work requiring he ſhould ſhew by what means thoſe Societies were introduced, this affords him an opportunity of ſliding gracefully and eaſily from the preliminaries into the main ſubject; and ſo of giving his work that perfection of method, which we find only in the compoſitions of great writers. For having juſt before, though to a different purpoſe, deſcribed the power of beſtial Inſtinct to attain the happineſs of the *Individual*, he goeth on, in ſpeaking of Inſtinct as it is ſerviceable both to that, and to the *Kind* (from ℣ 108 to 147) to illuſtrate the original of *Society*. He ſheweth, that though, as he had before obſerved, God had found the proper bliſs of each creature in the nature of its own exiſtence; yet theſe not being independent individuals, but parts of a Whole, God, to bleſs that Whole, built mutual happineſs on mutual wants: Now, for the ſupply of mutual wants, creatures muſt neceſſarily come together; which is the firſt ground of Society amongſt Men. He then proceeds to that called *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority, and ariſing from the union of the two ſexes; deſcribes the

Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:

COMMENTARY.

imperfect image of it in brutes; then explains it at large in all its cauſes and effects. And laſtly ſhews, that, as in *fact*, like mere animal ſociety, it is founded and preſerved by mutual wants, the ſupplial of which cauſeth mutual happineſs; ſo is it likewiſe in *right*, as a rational Society, by equity, gratitude, and the obſervance of the relation of things in general.

Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 147. *Nor think in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod*;] But the Atheiſt and Hobbiſt, againſt whom Mr. Pope argueth, deny the principle of *Right*, or of natural Juſtice, before the invention of civil compact; which, they ſay, gave being to it: And accordingly have had the effrontery publicly to declare, *that a ſtate of Nature was a ſtate of War*. This quite ſubverteth the

NOTES.

VER. 152. *Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade*;] The poet ſtill takes his imagery from Platonic ideas, for the reaſon given above. Plato had ſaid from old tradition, that, during the Golden age, and under the reign of Saturn, the primitive language then in uſe was common to man and beaſts. Moral Inſtructors took advantage of the popular ſenſe of this tradition, to convey their precepts under thoſe fables, which give ſpeech to the whole brute-creation. The naturaliſts underſtood the tradition to ſignify, that, in the firſt ages, Men uſed inarticulate ſounds like beaſts to expreſs their wants and ſenſations; and that it was by ſlow degrees they came to the uſe of ſpeech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Sic. and Gregory of Nyſſ.

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:

COMMENTARY.

poet's *natural* Society: Therefore, after this account of that ſtate, he proceedeth to ſupport the reality of it by overthrowing the oppugnant principle of *no natural Juſtice*; which he doth (from ℣ 146 to 169) in ſhewing, by a fine deſcription of the ſtate of Innocence, as repreſented in Scripture, that a ſtate of Nature was ſo far from being without natural Juſtice, that it was, at firſt, *the reign of God*, where Right and Truth univerſally prevailed.

NOTES.

VER. 156. *All vocal beings, &c.*] This may be well explained by a ſublime paſſage of the Pſalmiſt, who, calling to mind the age of Innocence, and full of the great ideas of thoſe

—Chains of Love,
Combining all below, and all above,
Which to one point and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King;

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apoſtrophe, to call back the devious creation to its priſtine rectitude (that very ſtate our author deſcribes above) "Praiſe the Lord, all angels; praiſe him, all ye hoſts. Praiſe ye him, ſun and moon; praiſe him, all ye ſtars of light. Let them praiſe the name of the Lord, for he commanded, and they were created. Praiſe the Lord, from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail, ſnow and vapour, ſtormy wind fulfilling his word; Mountains, and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars: *Beaſts* and all *cattle*, creeping things and flying fowl: *Kings* of the earth, and all people; *princes*, and all judges of the earth. Let them praiſe the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven." *Pſal.* cxlviii.

The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;

NOTES.

VER. 158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody, &c.*] *i. e.* The ſtate deſcribed, from ☞ 261 to 269, was not yet arrived. For then when Superſtition was become ſo extreme as to bribe the Gods with human ſacrifices (ſee ☞ 267) Tyranny became neceſſitated to woo the prieſt for a favourable anſwer:

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

VER. 159. *Heaven's attribute, &c.*] The poet ſuppoſes the truth of the Scripture account, that Man was created Lord of this inferior world (Ep. i. ☞ 230.)

Subjected theſe to thoſe, and all to thee.

What hath miſled ſome to imagine him here fallen into a contradiction, was, I ſuppoſe, ſuch paſſages as theſe,

Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine, &c.

And again, *Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for* thy *good, &c.* But in truth this is ſo far from contradicting what is here ſaid of Man's prerogative, that it greatly confirms it, and the Scripture account concerning it. And becauſe this matter has been miſtaken, to the diſcredit of the poet's religious ſentiments, by readers, whom the conduct of certain licentious writers, treating this ſubject in an abuſive way, hath rendered jealous and miſtruſtful, I ſhall endeavour to explain it. Scripture ſays, that Man was made Lord of All. But this Lord become intoxicated with Pride, the common effect of ſovereignty, erected himſelf, like more partial monarchs, into a tyrant. And as Tyranny conſiſts in ſuppoſing *all* made for the uſe of *one*; he took thoſe freedoms with *all*, that are conſequent on ſuch a

Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!*] Strict method (in which, by this time, the reader finds the poet more converſant than ſome were aware of) leads him next to ſpeak of that Society, which ſucceeded the *Natural*, namely the *Civil*. He firſt explains (from ✗ 169 to 199) the intermediate *means* which led Mankind from natural to civil Society. Theſe were the invention and improvement of Arts. For while Mankind lived in a mere ſtate of Nature, there was no need of any other government than the Paternal; but when Arts were found out and improved, then that more perfect form, under the direction of a Magiſtrate, became neceſſary. And for theſe rea-

NOTES.

principle. He ſoon began to conſider the whole animal creation as his ſlaves rather than his ſubjects: as being created for no uſe of their own, but for this only; and therefore treated them with the utmoſt barbarity: And not ſo content, to add inſult to his cruelty, he endeavoured to philoſophize himſelf into an opinion that animals were mere machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure. Thus Man affected to be the *Wit* as well as *Tyrant* of the Whole: and it became one who adhered to the Scripture account of Man's dominion, to reprove this abuſe of it, and to ſhew that

Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

COMMENTARY.

ſons; firſt, to bring thoſe arts, already found, to perfection: And, ſecondly, to ſecure the product of them to their rightful proprietors. The poet, therefore, comes now, as we ſay, to the invention of Arts; but being always intent on the great end for which he wrote his Eſſay, namely to mortify that Pride which occaſions the impious complaints againſt Providence; he ſpeaks of theſe inventions as only leſſons learnt of mere animals guided by inſtinct; and thus, at the ſame time, gives a new inſtance of the wonderful Providence of God, who has contrived to teach mankind in a way, not only proper to humble human arrogance, but to raiſe our idea of infinite Wiſdom to the greateſt pitch. This he does in a *proſopopœia* the moſt ſublime that ever entered into the human imagination:

NOTES.

VER. 173, *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practiſed amongſt Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halieut.

" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.

COMMENTARY.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake:
" Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take, &c.
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

The delicacy of the poet's addreſs in the firſt part of the l line, is very remarkable. In this paragraph he has given an a count of thoſe intermediate means, that led Mankind from n tural to civil Society, namely, the invention and improveme of Arts. Now here, on his concluſion of this account, and l entry upon the deſcription of civil Society itſelf, he conne the two parts the moſt gracefully that can be conceived, by t true hiſtorical circumſtance, that it was the invention of th Arts which raiſed to the Magiſtracy in this new Society form for the perfecting them.

NOTES.

lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " Th " ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their she " which exactly reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe t " feet like maſts, and extend a membrane between, wh " ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars " the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean."

" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions,

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of Beaſts before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours league'd to guard their common ſpot:
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 199. *Great Nature ſpoke*;] After all this neceſſary pre-

NOTES.

VER. 199. *obſervant Men obey'd*;] The epithet is beautiful, as ſignifying both obedience to the voice of Nature, and attention to the leſſons of the animal creation.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.

VARIATIONS.

For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

COMMENTARY.

paration, the poet ſhews (from ℣ 198 to 209) how civil Society followed, and the advantages it produced.

VER. 209. *Thus States were form'd*;] Having thus explained the original of Civil Society, he ſhews us next (from ℣ 208 to 215) that to this Society a *civil magiſtrate*, properly ſo called, did belong: And this in confutation of that idle hypotheſis, which pretends that God conferred the regal title on the Fathers of fa-

NOTES.

VER. 208. *When love was Liberty*,] *i. e.* When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent of his growing ſtate;

COMMENTARY.

milies; from whence men, when they had inſtituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our author ſhews, that a King was unknown, 'till common intereſt, which led men to inſtitute civil government, led them at the ſame time to inſtitute a governor. However, that it is true that the ſame wiſdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from ſons to the ſire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them conſidered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while miſtaken, continues to be the chief ſupport) of that ſlaviſh error: antiquity repreſenting its earlieſt monarchs under the idea of a common father, πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν. Afterwards indeed they became a kind of foſter-fathers, ποιμένα λαῶν, as Homer calls one of them: 'Till at length they began to devour that flock they had been ſo long accuſtomed to ſhear; and, as Plutarch ſays of Cecrops, ἐκ χρηστοῦ βασιλέως ἄγριον καὶ δρακοντώδη γενόμενον TYPANNON.

VER. 215. *'Till then, by Nature crown'd, &c.*] The poet now returns (at ver. 215 to 241) to what he had left unfiniſh'd in his deſcription of natural Society. This, which appears irregular, is indeed a fine inſtance of his thorough knowledge of the art of Method. I will explain it:

NOTES.

VER. 211. *'Twas Virtue only, &c.*] Our author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingſhip. Ariſtotle aſſures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσαλαι βασιλεὺς ἐκ τῶν ἐπιεικῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ πράξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοιούτου γένους.

On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:

COMMENTARY.

This third epiſtle, we ſee, conſiders Man with reſpect to Society; the ſecond, with reſpect to Himſelf; and the fourth, with reſpect to Happineſs. But in none of theſe relations does the poet ever loſe ſight of him under that in which he ſtands to God; it will follow, therefore, that ſpeaking of him with reſpect to Society, the account would be then moſt imperfect, were he not at the ſame time conſidered with reſpect to his Religion; for between theſe two there is a cloſe, and, while things continue in order, a moſt intereſting connection:

True faith, true policy united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Now Religion ſuffering no change or depravation, when Man firſt entered into civil Society, but continuing the ſame as in the ſtate of Nature; the author, to avoid repetition, and to bring the accounts of *true* and *falſe* religion nearer to one another, in order to contraſt them by the advantage of that ſituation, deferred giving account of his *Religion* till he had ſpoken of the origin of that Society. Thence it is that he here reſumes the account of the ſtate of Nature, that is, ſo much of it as he had left untouched, which was only the Religion of it. This conſiſting in

NOTES.

VER. 219. *He from the wond'ring furrow, &c.*] *i. e.* He ſubdued the intractability of all the *four elements*, and made them ſubſervient to the uſe of Man.

Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:

COMMENTARY.

the knowledge of one God, the creator of all things, he ſhews how Men came by that knowledge: That it was either found out by Reaſon, which giving to every effect a cauſe, inſtructed them to go from cauſe to cauſe, till they came to the firſt, who, being cauſeleſs, would neceſſarily be judged ſelf-exiſtent: or elſe taught by Tradition, which preſerved the memory of the Creation. He then tells us *what* theſe men, undebauched by falſe ſcience, underſtood by God's Nature and Attributes: *Firſt*, of God's *Nature*, that they eaſily diſtinguiſhed between the Worker and the Work, ſaw the ſubſtance of the Creator to be diſtinct and different from that of the creature, and ſo were in no danger of falling into the horrid opinion of the Greek philoſophers, and their follower, Spinoza. And ſimple Reaſon teaching them that the Creator was but One, they eaſily ſaw that all was right, and were in as little danger of falling into the Manichean error; which, when oblique Wit had broken the ſteddy light of Reaſon, imagined all was not right, having before imagined all was not the work of One. *Secondly*, he ſhews what they underſtood of God's *Attributes*; that they eaſily conceived a Father where they

NOTES.

VER. 225. *Then, looking up, &c.*] The poet here maketh their more ſerious attention to Religion to have ariſen, not from their gratitude amidſt abundance, but from their helpleſsneſs in diſtreſs; by ſhewing that, during the former ſtate, they reſted in *ſecond* cauſes, the immediate authors of their bleſſings, *whom they revered as God*; but that, in the other, they reaſoned up to the *Firſt*:

Then looking up from ſire to ſire, &c.

Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?

COMMENTARY.

had found a Deity; and that a ſovereign being could only be a ſovereign Good.

VER. 241. *Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, &c.*] Order leadeth the poet to ſpeak next (from ℣ 240 to 246) of the corruption of *civil Society* into *Tyranny*, and its Cauſes; and here, with all the art of addreſs as well as truth, he obſerves it aroſe from the violation of that great Principle, which he ſo much inſiſts upon throughout his Eſſay, *that each was made for the uſe*

NOTES.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a repreſentation of human nature.

VER. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful alluſion to the effects of the priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

VER. 242. *Th'enormous faith, &c.*] In this Ariſtotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the firſt ſup-

Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246

COMMENTARY,

of all. We may be sure, that, in this corruption, where natural justice was thrown aside, and force, the Atheist's justice, presided in its stead, *Religion* would follow the fate of civil Society: We know, from ancient history, it did so. Accordingly Mr. Pope (from ℣ 245 to 269) with corrupt Politics describes corrupt Religion and its Causes: he first informs us, agreeable to his exact knowledge of Antiquity, that it was the Politician and not the Priest (as our illiterate tribe of Free-thinkers would make us believe) who first corrupted Religion. Secondly, That the Superstition he brought in was not invented by him, as an engine to play upon others (as the dreaming Atheist feigns, who would thus miserably account for the origin of Religion) but was a trap he first fell into himself.

NOTES.

poseth himself made for the People; the other, that the People are made for him: Βούλεται δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φύλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκτημένοι τὰς οὐσίας μηθὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δῆμος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μηθέν· ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς οὐδὲν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10.

VER. 245. *Force first made Conquest, &c.*] All this is agreeable to fact, and sheweth our author's exact knowledge of human nature. For that *Impotency* of mind (as the Latin writers call it) which giveth birth to the enormous crimes necessary to support a Tyranny, naturally subjecteth its owner to all the vain, as well as real, terrors of Conscience: Hence the whole machinery of Superstition.

It is true, the Poet observes, that afterwards, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superstition upon himself, to turn it by the assistance of the Priest (who for his reward went sharer with him in the Tyranny) as his best defence against his Subjects. For a Tyrant naturally and reasonably deemeth all his Slaves to be his enemies.

Having given the Causes of Superstition, he next describes its objects:

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, &c.

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;

NOTES.

The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly deſcribed. This fact is a convincing evidence of the truth of that original, which the poet giveth to Superſtition; for if theſe phantaſms were firſt raiſed in the imagination of Tyrants, they muſt needs have the qualities here aſſigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happineſs, the attributes of his God would of courſe be Revenge and Luſt; in a word, the anti-type of himſelf. But there was another, and more ſubſtantial cauſe, of the Reſemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan god; and that was the making *Gods of Conquerors*, as the poet ſays, and ſo canonizing a tyrant's vices with his perſon. That theſe gods ſhould ſuit a people humbled to the ſtroke of a maſter, will be no wonder, if we recollect a generous ſaying of the ancients: *That day which ſees a Man a ſlave, takes away half his Virtue.*

Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen tafted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *So drives Self-love, &c.*] The inference our author draws from all this (from v. 261 to 269) is, that Self-love driveth through right and wrong; it cauſeth the Tyrant to violate the rights of mankind; and it cauſeth the People to vindicate that violation. For Self-love being common to the whole ſpecies, and ſetting each individual in purſuit of the ſame objects, it became neceſſary for each, if he would ſecure his own, to provide for the ſafety of another's. And thus Equity and Benevolence aroſe from that ſame Self-love which had given birth to Avarice and Injuſtice:

His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.

NOTES.

VER. 262. —*and heav'n on pride.*] This might be very well ſaid of thoſe times, when no one was content to go to heaven without being received there on the footing of a God.

The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,

COMMENTARY.

There is not any where ſhewn greater addreſs in the diſpoſition of this work than with regard to the inference before us; which not only giveth a proper and timely ſupport to what was before advanced, in the ſecond epiſtle, concerning the nature and effects of Self-love; but is a neceſſary introduction to what follows, concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society, as we ſhall ſee preſently.

VER. 283. *'Twas then the ſtudious head, &c.*] The poet hath now deſcribed the riſe, perfection, and decay of civil Policy and

NOTES.

VER. 283. *'Twas then, &c.*] The poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece; and thoſe benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Ariſtotle; who, of all the pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government,

Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.

COMMENTARY.

Religion, in the more early times. But the deſign had been imperfect, had he here dropt his diſcourſe: there was, in after ages, a recovery from their ſeveral corruptions, Accordingly, he hath choſen that happy Æra for the concluſion of his ſong. But as good and ill Governments and Religions ſucceed one another without ceaſing, he now leaveth facts, and turneth his diſcourſe [from ℣ 282 to 295) to ſpeak of a more laſting reform of mankind, in the Invention of thoſe philoſophic Principles, by whoſe obſervance a Policy and Religion may be for ever kept from ſinking into Tyranny and Superſtition:

'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before; &c.

The eaſy and juſt tranſition into this ſubject from the foregoing, is admirable. In the foregoing he had deſcribed the effects of Self-love; and now, with great art, and high probability, he maketh Mens *obſervations* on theſe effects the occaſion of thoſe diſcoveries which they have made of the true principles of Policy and Religion, deſcribed in the preſent paragraph; and this he evidently hinteth at in that fine tranſition,

'Twas then, the ſtudious head, &c.

Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things: 296

COMMENTARY.

VER. 295. *Such is the World's great harmony, &c.*] Having thus deſcribed the true principles of civil and eccleſiaſtical Policy, he proceedeth (from ℣ 294 to 303) to illuſtrate his account by the ſimilar harmony of the Univerſe:

Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:

Thus, as in the beginning of this epiſtle he ſupported the great principle of mutual Love or Aſſociation in *general*, by conſiderations drawn from the properties of *Matter*, and the mutual dependence between *vegetable* and *animal* life: ſo, in the concluſion, he hath inforced the *particular* principles of Civil and Religious Society, from that *univerſal Harmony* which ſprings, in part, from thoſe properties and dependencies.

NOTES.

VER. 295. *Such is the World's great harmony, &c.*] An harmony very different from the *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony* of the celebrated Leibnitz, which eſtabliſheth a Fatality deſtructive of all Religion and Morality. Yet hath the poet been accuſed of eſpouſing that impious whimſy. The *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony* was built upon, and is an outrageous extenſion of a conception of Plato; who, combating the atheiſtical objections about the *origin of Evil*, employs this argument in the defence of Providence; "That amongſt an infinite number of poſſible worlds "in God's idea, this, which he hath created and brought into "being, and which admits of a mixture of Evil, is the beſt. "But if the beſt, then Evil conſequently is partial, compara-"tively ſmall, and tendeth to the greater perfection of the "whole." This Principle is eſpouſed and ſupported by Mr. Pope with all the power of reaſon and poetry. But neither was Plato a Fataliſt, nor is there any fataliſm in the argument. As to the truth of the notion, that is another queſtion; and how far it cleareth up the very difficult controverſy about the origin of Evil, is ſtill another. That it is a full ſolution of all diffi-

Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;

NOTES.

culties, I cannot think, for reaſons too long to be given in this place. Perhaps we ſhall never have a full ſolution in this world: and it may be no great matter though we have not, as we are demonſtrably certain of the moral attributes of the Deity. However, Mr. Pope may be juſtified in receiving and inforcing this Platonic notion, as it hath been adopted by the moſt celebrated and orthodox divines both of the ancient and modern church.

This doctrine, we own then, was taken up by Leibnitz; but it was to ingraft upon it a moſt pernicious fataliſm. Plato ſaid, God *choſe* the beſt: Leibnitz ſaid, he *could not but* chuſe the beſt. Plato ſuppoſed freedom in God to chuſe one of two things equally good: Leibnitz held the ſuppoſition to be abſurd: but however, admitting the caſe, he maintained that God could *not* chuſe one of two things equally good. Thus it appears, the firſt went on the ſyſtem of *Freedom*; and that the latter, notwithſtanding the moſt artful diſguiſes in his Theodicée, was a thorough *Fataliſt*: For we cannot well ſuppoſe he would give that freedom to Man which he had taken away from God. The truth of the matter ſeems to be this; he ſaw, on the one hand, the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuppoſing with Spinoza, that blind Fate was the author of a coherent Univerſe; but yet, on the other, could not conceive with Plato, that God could foreſee and conduct, according to an archetypal idea, a World, of all poſſible Worlds the beſt, inhabited by *free Agents*. This difficulty therefore, which made the Socinians take Preſcience from God, diſpoſed Leibnitz to take Free-will from Man: And thus he faſhioned his metaphyſical hypotheſis; he ſuppoſed that when God made the World, he impreſſed on his new created Machine a certain ſucceſſive ſuite of *motions*; and that when he made the ſoul, a correſpondent ſeries of *ideas*; whoſe operations, for throughout the whole duration of the union, [illegible] that whenever an *idea* was excited, a [illegible] was

More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools conteſt*;] But now the poet, having ſo much commended the invention and inventors of the philoſophic principles of Religion and Government, leſt an evil uſe ſhould be made of this, by Mens reſting in theory and ſpeculation, as they have been always too apt to do in matters whoſe *practice* makes their happineſs, he cautions his reader (from ℣ 302 to 311) againſt this error. The ſeaſonableneſs of this reproof will appear evident enough to thoſe who know, that mad diſputes about Liberty and Prerogative had once well nigh overturned our Conſtitution; and that others about Myſtery and Church Authority had almoſt deſtroyed the very ſpirit of our Religion.

NOTES.

ever ready to ſatisfy the volition. Thus, for inſtance, when the mind had the *will* to raiſe the arm to the head, the body was ſo pre-contrived, as to raiſe, at that very moment, the part required. This he called the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY; and, with this, he promiſed to do wonders.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government &c.*] Theſe fine lines have been ſtrangely miſunderſtood: the author, againſt his own expreſs words, againſt the plain ſenſe of his ſyſtem, has been conceived to mean, That all Governments and all Religions were, as to their forms and objects, indifferent. But as this wrong judgment proceeded from ignorance of the reaſon of the reproof, as explained above, that explanation is alone ſufficient to rectify the miſtake.

n Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
ut all Mankind's concern is Charity:

NOTES.

However, not to leave him under the leaſt ſuſpicion in a atter of ſo much importance, I ſhall juſtify the ſenſe here ven to this paſſage more at large: *Firſt*, by conſidering the ords themſelves; and then, by comparing this miſtaken ſenſe ith the context.

The poet, we may obſerve, is here ſpeaking, not of civil ciety *at large*, but of a *juſt* legitimate Policy:

Th' according muſic of a *well-mix'd* State.

ow mix'd States are of various kinds; in ſome of which the emocratic, in others the Ariſtocratic, and in others the Mo-rchic form prevails. Now as each of theſe mix'd Forms is ually legitimate, as being founded on the principles of natu-l Liberty, that man is guilty of the higheſt folly, who chuſeth ther to employ himſelf in a ſpeculative conteſt for the ſupe-or excellence of one of theſe *Forms* to the reſt, than in pro-oting the good adminiſtration of that ſettled *Form* to which is ſubject. And yet all our warm diſputes about Govern-ent, have been of this kind. Again, if by *Forms* of Govern-ent, muſt needs be meant legitimate Government, becauſe at is the ſubject under debate; then by *Modes* of Faith, which the correſpondent idea, muſt needs be meant the modes or ex-anations of the True Faith, becauſe the author is here too the ſubject of true Religion:

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new.

eſides, the very expreſſion (than which nothing can be more eciſe) confineth us to underſtand, by *Modes* of Faith, thoſe man explanations of Chriſtian Myſteries, in conteſting which, eal and Ignorance have ſo perpetually violated Charity.

Secondly, If we conſider the *context*; to ſuppoſe him to mean, at *all Forms* of *Government* are indifferent, is making him rectly contradict the preceding paragraph; where he extols e Patriot for diſcriminating the *true* from the *falſe* modes of overnment. He, ſays the poet,

All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend. 310

NOTES.

Taught Pow'r's *due* uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught not to *ſlack*, nor *ſtrain* its tender ſtrings;
The leſs and greater ſet ſo juſtly *true*,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' *according* muſic of a *well-mix'd* State.

Here he recommendeth the *true* Form of Government, which is the *mix'd*. In another place he as ſtrongly condemneth the *falſe*, or the abſolute *jure divino* Form:

For Nature knew no right divine in Men.

But the Reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the Poet's own apology, as I find it written in the year 1740, in his own hand, in the margin of a book, where he found theſe two celebrated lines miſapplied. "The author of theſe lines was far "from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itſelf, "better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, "for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but that no form "of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itſelf, "can be ſufficient to make a People happy, unleſs it be admi-"niſtered with integrity. On the contrary, the beſt ſort of "Government, when the *form* of it is preſerved, and the *ad-*"*miniſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous."

Again, to ſuppoſe the Poet to mean, that *all Religions* are indifferent, is an equally wrong as well as uncharitable ſuſpicion. Mr. Pope, though his ſubject in this *Eſſay on Man* confineth him to Natural religion (his purpoſe being to vindicate God's natural diſpenſations to Mankind againſt the Atheiſt) yet giveth frequent intimations of a more ſublime diſpenſation, and even of the neceſſity of it; particularly in his ſecond epiſtle (℣ 149, *&c.*] where he confeſſeth the weakneſs and inſufficiency of human Reaſon.

And in his fourth epiſtle, where, ſpeaking of the good Man, the favourite of Heaven, he ſayeth,

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 311. *Man, like the gen'rous vine, &c.*] Having thus largely conſidered Man in his ſocial capacity, the poet, in order to fix a momentous truth in the mind of his reader, concludes the Epiſtle in recapitulating the *two Principles* which concur to the ſupport of this part of his character, namely, Self-love and

NOTES.

For him alone *Hope* leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till, lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the Mind.

But Natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith; nor did any Religion, but the Chriſtian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the Mind with Happineſs.

Laſtly, In this very epiſtle, and in this very place, ſpeaking of the great Reſtorers of the *religion of Nature*, he intimates that they could only draw God's *ſhadow*, not his *image:*

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:

as reverencing that truth, which telleth us, this diſcovery was reſerved for the *glorious Goſpel of Chriſt, who is the image of God.* 2 Cor. iv. 4.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;*] Theſe latter Ages have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous contentions for *modes of Faith*, to the violation of Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonour of ſacred Scripture, that it is not at all ſtrange they ſhould become the object of ſo benevolent and wiſe an Author's reſentment.

But that which he here ſeemed to have more particularly in his eye was the long and miſchievous ſquabble between W—d and JACKSON, on a point confeſſedly above Reaſon, and amongſt thoſe adorable myſteries, which it is the honour of our Religion to find unfathomable. In this, by the weight of anſwers and replies, redoubled upon one another without

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;

COMMENTARY.

Social; and ſhewing that they are only two different motions of the appetite to Good; by which the Author of Nature hath enabled Man to find his own happineſs in the happineſs of the Whole. This he illuſtrates with a thought as ſublime as that general harmony he deſcribes:

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

For he hath the art of converting poetical ornament into philoſophic reaſoning; and of improving a ſimile into an analogical argument; of which more in our next.

NOTES.

mercy, they made ſo profound a progreſs that the *One* proved, nothing hindered, in Nature, but that *the Son might have been the Father*; and the *Other*, that nothing hindered, in Grace, but that *the Son may be a mere Creature*. But if, inſtead of throwing ſo many Greek Fathers at one another's heads, they had but chanced to reflect on the ſenſe of one Greek word, ΑΠΕΙΡΙΑ, that it ſignifies both INFINITY and IGNORANCE, this ſingle *equivocation* might have ſaved them ten thouſand, which they expended in carrying on the controverſy. However thoſe *Miſts that magnified the Scene*, enlarged the Character of the Combatants: and no body expecting *common* ſenſe on a ſubject where we have no ideas, the defects of dulneſs diſappeared, and its advantages (for, advantages it has) were all provided for.

The worſt is, ſuch kind of Writers ſeldom know when to have done. For writing themſelves up into the ſame deluſion with their Readers, they are apt to venture out into the more

So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

NOTES.

open paths of Literature, where their reputation, made out of that ſtuff, which Lucian calls Σκότος ὁλόχροος, preſently falls from them, and their nakedneſs appears. And thus it fared with our two Worthies. The World, which muſt have always ſomething to amuſe it, was now in good time grown weary of its play-things, and catched at a new object that promiſed them more agreeable entertainment. Tindal, a kind of Baſtard-Socrates, had brought our ſpeculations from *Heaven* to *Earth*: and, under the pretence of advancing the Antiquity of Chriſtianity, laboured to undermine its original. This was a controverſy that required another management. Clear ſenſe, ſevere reaſoning, a thorough knowledge of prophane and ſacred Antiquity, and an intimate acquaintance with human Nature, were the qualities proper for ſuch as engaged in this Subject. A very unpromiſing adventure for theſe metaphyſical nurſlings, bred up under the ſhade of chimeras. Yet they would needs venture out. What they got by it was only to be once well laughed at, and then forgotten. But one odd circumſtance deſerves to be remembered; tho' they wrote not, we may be ſure, in concert, yet each attacked his Adverſary at the ſame time, faſtened upon him in the ſame place, and mumbled him with juſt the ſame toothleſs rage. But the ill ſucceſs of this eſcape ſoon brought them to themſelves. The One made a fruitleſs effort to revive the old game, in a diſcourſe on *The importance of the doctrine of the Trinity*; and the Other has been ever ſince, till very lately, rambling in SPACE.

This ſhort hiſtory, as inſignificant as the ſubjects of it are, may not be altogether unuſeful to poſterity. Divines may learn by theſe examples to avoid the miſchiefs done to Religion and Literature thro' the affectation of being wiſe above what is written, and knowing beyond what can be underſtood.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature, and State of Man *with reſpect to* Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 *to* 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, ver. 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods, *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue,* ver. 165. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, ver. 183. Honours, ver. 191. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 215. Fame, ver. 235. Superior Talents, ver. 257, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all,* ver. 267, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 307, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* reſignation *to to it here and hereafter,* ver. 326, &c.

N. Blakey inv. & del. Ravenet sculp.

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happyness below.

Essay on Man. Ep. IV.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! &c.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs! to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

COMMENTARY.

THE two foregoing epiſtles having conſidered Man with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society) this laſt comes to conſider him with regard to the *End*, that is, Happineſs.

It opens with an Invocation to Happineſs, in the manner of the ancient poets, who, when deſtitute of a patron God, applied to the Muſe, and, if ſhe was engaged, took up with any ſimple Virtue next at hand, to inſpire and proſper their undertakings. This was the ancient Invocation, which few modern poets have had the art to imitate with any degree either of ſpirit or decorum: but our author hath contrived to make it ſubſervient to the method and reaſoning of his philoſophic compoſition. I will endeavour to explain ſo uncommon a beauty.

It is to be obſerved that the Pagan deities had each their ſeveral *names* and *places of abode*, with ſome of which they were ſuppoſed to be more delighted than others, and conſequently to be then moſt propitious when invoked by the favourite name and place: Hence we find, the hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Callimachus to be chiefly employed in reckoning up the ſeveral names and places of abode by which the patron God was diſtinguiſhed. Our poet hath made theſe two circumſtances

That ſomething ſtill which prompts th'eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?

COMMENTARY.

ſerve to introduce his ſubject. His purpoſe is to write of Happineſs; method therefore requires that he firſt define what men mean by Happineſs, and this he does in the ornament of a poetic Invocation; in which the ſeveral names, that *happineſs* goes by, are enumerated.

Oh Happineſs! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy Name:

After the Definition, that which follows next, is the Propoſition, which is, *that human Happineſs conſiſts not in external Advantages, but in Virtue.* For the ſubject of this epiſtle is the detecting the *falſe* notions of Happineſs, and ſettling and explaining the *true*; and this the poet lays down in the next ſixteen lines. Now the enumeration of the ſeveral *ſituations* in which Happineſs is ſuppoſed to reſide, is a ſummary of *falſe* Happineſs, placed in Externals:

Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with Di'monds in the flaming mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?

NOTES.

VER. 6. *O'erlook'd, ſeen double,*] *O'erlook'd* by thoſe who place Happineſs in any thing excluſive of Virtue; *ſeen double* by thoſe who admit any thing elſe to have a ſhare with Virtue in procuring Happineſs; theſe being the two general miſtakes that this epiſtle is employed in confuting.

Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?---where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;

COMMENTARY.

The ſix remaining lines deliver the *true* notion of Happineſs to be in Virtue. Which is ſummed up in theſe two:

Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.

The Poet having thus defined his terms, and laid down his propoſition, proceeds to the ſupport of his Theſis; the various arguments of which make up the body of the Epiſtle.

VER. 19. *Aſk of the Learn'd, &c.*] He begins (from ℣ 18 to 29) with detecting the falſe notions of Happineſs. Theſe are of two kinds, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular*: The latter he had re-capitulated in the invocation, when happineſs was called upon at her ſeveral ſuppoſed places of abode; the Philoſophic only remained to be delivered:

Aſk of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun Mankind:

Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;

COMMENTARY.

Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe;
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe.

They differed as well in the means, as in the nature of the end. Some plac'd Happineſs in Action, ſome in Contemplation; the firſt called it Pleaſure, the ſecond Eaſe. Of thoſe who placed it in Action and called it Pleaſure, the moral rout they purſued either ſunk them into *ſenſual pleaſures*, which ended in *Pain*, or led them in ſearch of *imaginary perfections*, unſuitable to their nature and ſtation (ſee Ep. i.) which ended in *Vanity*. Of thoſe who placed it in Eaſe, the contemplative ſtation they were fixed in made ſome, for their quiet, find truth in *every thing*, others in *nothing*.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

The confutation of theſe Philoſophic errors he ſhews to be very eaſy, one common fallacy running through them all; namely this, that inſtead of telling us in what the Happineſs of *human nature* conſiſts, which was what was aſked of them, each buſies himſelf in explaining in what he placed *his own*.

NOTES.

VER. 21. *Some place the bliſs in action,—Some ſunk to beaſts, &c.*] 1. Thoſe who place Happineſs, or the *ſummum bonum*, in Pleaſure, Ἡδονή, ſuch as the Cyrenaic ſect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Thoſe who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmneſs of Mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, ſuch as the Democritic ſect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the meaſure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and thoſe things which appear not to any Man *are not*; ſo that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whoſe abſolute Doubt is with great judgment ſaid to be the effect of In-

Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Commentary.

Ver. 29. *Take Nature's path, &c.*] The Poet then proceeds (from ℣ 28 to 35) to reform their miſtakes; and ſhews them that, if they will but take the road of Nature and leave that of mad Opinion, they will ſoon find Happineſs to be a good of the *ſpecies*, and, like Common Senſe, equally diſtributed to all Mankind.

Notes.

dolence, as well as the abſolute Truſt of the Protagorean: For the ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of truth, which makes the Protagorean preſume it to be always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is deſponding, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happineſs.

Ver. 23. *Some ſunk to Beaſts, &c.*] Theſe four lines added in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after happineſs amongſt the Greek philoſophers.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 35. *Remember, Man, &c.*] Having expoſed the two falſe ſpecies of Happineſs, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular*, and denounced the true, in order to eſtabliſh the laſt, he goes on to a confutation of the two former.

I. He firſt (from ℣ 34 to 49) confutes the *Philoſophical*, which, as we ſaid, makes Happineſs a particular, not a general good: And this two ways; 1. From his grand principle, that God acts by general laws; the conſequence of which is, that Happineſs, which ſupports the well being of every ſyſtem, muſt needs be univerſal, and not partial, as the Philoſophers conceived. 2. From fact, that Man inſtinctively concurs with this deſignation of Providence, to make Happineſs univerſal, by his having no delight in any thing uncommunicated or uncommunicable.

More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's firſt law*;] II. In the ſecond place (from ℣ 48 to 67) he confutes the popular error concerning Happineſs, namely, that it conſiſts in Externals: Which he does, *firſt*, by inquiring into the reaſons of the preſent providential diſpoſition of external goods: A topic of confutation choſen with the greateſt accuracy and penetration: For, if it appears they were diſtributed in the manner we ſee them, for reaſons different from the Happineſs of Individuals, it is abſurd to think that they ſhould make part of that Happineſs.

He ſhews therefore, that diſparity of external poſſeſſions among Men was for the ſake of Society: 1. To promote the Harmony and Happineſs of a ſyſtem; becauſe the want of external goods in ſome, and the abundance in others, increaſe general Harmony in the obliger and obliged.

Yet here (ſays he) mark the impartial wiſdom of Heaven; this very Inequality of Externals, by contributing to general Harmony and Order, produceth an Equality of Happineſs amongſt Individuals.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's firſt law*;] *i. e.* The firſt law made by God relates to Order; which is a beautiful allusion to the Scripture hiſtory of the Creation, when God firſt appeared the diſorders of Chaos, and ſeparated the light from the darkneſs.

But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breaths thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;

VARIATIONS.

After VER, 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

COMMENTARY.

2. To prevent perpetual diſcord amongſt men equal in power, which an equal diſtribution of external goods would neceſſarily occaſion. From hence he concludes, that, as external goods were not given for the reward of Virtue, but for many different purpoſes, God could not, if he intended Happineſs for all, place it in the Enjoyment of Externals.

VER. 67. Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,] His *ſecond*

t Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
ıile thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
t preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
ıv'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
l buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,

COMMENTARY.

ment (from ℣ 66 to 73) againſt the popular error of Hapſs being placed in Externals, is, that the Poſſeſſion of them ſeparably attended with Fear; the want of them with Hope; h directly croſſing all their pretenſions to making happy, ntly ſhews that God had placed Happineſs elſewhere. And e, in concluding this argument, he takes occaſion (from to 77) to upbraid the deſperate folly and impiety of thoſe, in ſpite of God and Nature, will yet attempt to place ɔineſs in Externals:

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

R. 77. *Know, all the good &c.*] The Poet having thus conthe two errors concerning Happineſs, *Philoſophical* and *lar*; and proved that true Happineſs was neither ſolitary ıartial, nor yet placed in externals; goes on (from ℣ 76 to o ſhew in what it doth conſiſt. He had before ſaid in ge-, and repeated it, that Happineſs lay in common to the e ſpecies. He now brings us better acquainted with it, in re explicite account of its nature; and tells us, it is all ined in *Health*, *Peace*, and *Competence*; but that theſe are

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.

COMMENTARY.

to be gain'd only by VIRTUE, namely, by Temperance, Innocence, and Induſtry.

VER. 83. *The good or bad, &c.*] But hitherto the poet hath only conſidered *Health* and *Peace:*

But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

One head yet remained to be ſpoken to, namely, *Competence.* In the purſuit of Health and Peace there is no danger of running into exceſs; but the caſe is different with regard to Competence: here Wealth and Affluence would be too apt to be miſtaken for it, in Mens paſſionate purſuit after *external* goods. To obviate this miſtake therefore, the poet ſhews (from ℣ 82 to 93) that, as exorbitant wealth adds nothing to the Happineſs ariſing from a *Competence*; ſo, as it is generally ill-gotten, it is

NOTES.

VER. 79. *Reaſon's whole pleaſure, &c.*] This is a beautiful periphraſis for Happineſs; for all we feel of good is by *ſenſation* and *reflection.*

VER. 82. *And Peace, &c.*] *Conſcious* Innocence (ſays the poet) is the only ſource of *internal* Peace; and *known* Innocence, of *external*; therefore, Peace is the ſole iſſue of Virtue; or, in his own emphatic words, *Peace is* all *thy own*; a concluſive obſervation in his argument, which ſtands thus: Is Happineſs rightly placed in Externals? No; for it conſiſts in Health, Peace, and Competence. Health and Competence are the product of Temperance, and Peace of perfect Innocence.

Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

COMMENTARY.

attended with circumſtances that weaken another part of this triple chord, namely *Peace:*

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts in Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

VER. 93. *Oh blind to truth, &c.*] Our author having thus largely confuted the miſtake of Happineſs's conſiſting in externals, proceeds to expoſe the terrible conſequences of ſuch an opinion on the ſentiments and practice of all ſorts of men, making the Diſſolute impious and atheiſtical; the Religious uncharitable and intolerant; and the Good reſtleſs and diſcontent. For when it is once taken for granted, that Happineſs conſiſts in ex-

Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt! 100

COMMENTARY.

ternals, it is immediately ſeen that ill men are often more happy than good; which ſets all conditions on objecting to the ways of Providence: and ſome even on raſhly atttempting to rectify its diſpenſations, though by the violation of all Law, divine and human. Now this being the moſt momentous part of the ſubject under conſideration, is deſervedly treated moſt at large. And here it will be proper to take notice of the art of the poet in making this confutation ſerve, at the ſame time, for a full ſolution of all objections which might be made to his main propoſition, *that Happineſs conſiſts not in externals.*

I. He begins, firſt of all with the Atheiſtical complainers, and purſues their impiety, from ℣ 93 to 131.

Oh! blind to truth! and God's whole ſcheme below, &c.

VER. 97. *But fools the good alone unhappy call, &c.*] He expoſes their folly even on their own notions of external goods,

1. By examples (from ℣ 98 to 111) where he ſhews, firſt, that if good men have been untimely cut off, this is not to be aſcribed to their Virtues, but to a contempt of life that hur-

NOTES.

VER. 100. *See* god-like *Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war; which was ſo uncommon, that his chief purpoſe in taking on himſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the Preſervation of Mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more diſtinguiſhably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

See SYDNEY bleeds amid the martial throng!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeille's good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

COMMENTARY.

ried them into dangers. *Secondly*, That if they will ſtill perſiſt in aſcribing untimely death to Virtue; they muſt needs, on the ſame principle, likewiſe aſcribe long life to it: conſequently, as the argument, in fact, concludes both ways, in logic it concludes neither.

Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?

VER. 111. *What makes all phyſical or moral ill?*] 2. He expoſes their folly (from ℣ 100 to 131) by conſiderations drawn

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent &c*] This laſt inſtance of the poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of, his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all

God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

COMMENTARY.

from the ſyſtem of Nature; and theſe twofold, natural and moral. You accuſe God, ſays he, becauſe the good man is ſubject to natural and moral evil. Let us ſee whence theſe proceed: Natural evil is the neceſſary conſequence of a material world ſo conſtituted: But that this conſtitution was beſt, we have proved in the firſt Epiſtle. Moral evil ariſeth from the depraved will of Man: Therefore neither the one nor the other from God.

But you ſay (adds the poet, to theſe impious complainers) that though it be fit Man ſhould ſuffer the miſeries which he brings upon himſelf by the commiſſion of moral evil, yet it ſeems unfit that his innocent poſterity ſhould bear a ſhare of them. To this, ſays he, I reply,

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain;
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.

But you will ſtill ſay, why doth not God either prevent, or immediately repair theſe evils? You may as well aſk why he doth not work continual miracles, and every moment reverſe the eſta'liſhed laws of Nature:

Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires, &c.

NOTES.

things. The [illegible] a perſon of great piety and charity, [illegible] ſhed, *viz.* 1733.

Ve juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
hat righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
s that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
Vhen his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
hink we, like ſome weak Prince, th'Eternal Cauſe,
rone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
orget to thunder, and recall her fires?
n air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
h blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
Vhen the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
hall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
r ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
or Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?

COMMENTARY.

his is the force of the poet's reaſoning; and theſe the men to hom he addreſſeth it; namely, the Libertine Cavillers againſt rovidence.

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Think we, like ſome weak Prince, &c.*] Agreeably hereunto, holy Scripture, in its acconnt of things under ie common Providence of Heaven, never repreſents miracles s wrought for the ſake of him who is the object of them, but order to give credit to ſome of God's extraordinary diſpenations to Mankind.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate f thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who oth periſhed by too near an approach to Ætna and Veſuvius, hile they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 131. *But ſtill this world &c.*] II. But now, ſo unhappy is the condition of our corrupt nature, that theſe are not the only complainers. RELIGIOUS Men are but too apt, if not to ſpeak out, yet ſometimes ſecretly to murmur againſt Providence, and ſay, its ways are not equal; eſpecially the more inordinately devoted to a ſect or party are ſcandalized that the Juſt (for ſuch they eſteem themſelves) who are to judge the world, have no better portion in their own inheritance: The poet therefore now leaves thoſe more profligate complainers, and turns (from ℣ 130 to 149) to the religious, in theſe words:

But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave) &c.

As the more Impious wanted external goods to be the reward of Virtue for the Moral man; ſo Theſe want them for the Pious, in order to have a kingdom of the Juſt: To this the poet holds it ſufficient to anſwer; Pray firſt agree among yourſelves, who thoſe Juſt are.

As this is the caſe, he bids them reſt ſatisfied; remember his fundamental principle, that *whatever is, is right*; and content themſelves (as their religion teaches them to profeſs a more than ordinary ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence) with that common anſwer which he, with ſo much reaſon and piety, gives to every kind of Complainer.

However, though there be yet no *kingdom of the Juſt*, there is ſtill no kingdom of the Unjuſt; both the Virtuous and the Vicious (whatſoever becomes of thoſe whom every ſect calls the Faithful) have their ſhares in external goods; and what is more, the Virtuous have infinitely the moſt enjoyment of them.

—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country? ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?

The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What diff'rent Syſtems for a Man and Wife?

he joke, tho' lively, was ill plac'd, and therefore ſtruck out the text.

COMMENTARY.

I have been the more ſolicitous to explain this laſt argument, d to ſhew *againſt whom* it is directed, becauſe much depends on it for the illuſtration of the ſenſe, and the juſt defence of e poet. For if we ſuppoſe him ſtill addreſſing himſelf to thoſe IPIOUS complainers, confuted in the forty preceding lines, we ould make him guilty of a paralogiſm in the argument about e Juſt; and in the illuſtration of it by the caſe of Calvin. For en the Libertines aſk, Why the Juſt, that is, the moral man, not rewarded? The anſwer is, That none but God can tell, ho the Juſt, that is, the truly faithful man, is. Where the erm is changed, in order to ſupport the argument; for about e *truly moral man* there is no diſpute; about the *truly faith-l* or the orthodox, a great deal. But take the poet right, as guing here againſt RELIGIOUS complainers, and the reaſon-g is ſtrict and logical. They aſk, Why the truly faithful are

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.---This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar---but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No---ſhall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"

COMMENTARY.

not rewarded? he anſwereth, They may be, for aught you know; for none but God can tell who they are.

VER. 149. "*But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed.*"] III. The poet, having diſpatched theſe two ſpecies of murmurers, comes now to the third and ſtill more pardonable ſort, the *diſcontented* GOOD MEN, who lament only that Virtue ſtarves, while Vice riots. To theſe he replies (from ✝ 148 to 157) that admit this to be the caſe, yet they have no reaſon to complain, either of the good man's lot in particular, or of the diſpenſation of Providence in general. Not of the former, becauſe Happineſs, the reward of Virtue, conſiſteth not in Externals; nor of the latter, becauſe ill men may gain wealth by commendable induſtry, good men want neceſſaries through indolence or bad conduct.

VER. 157. But grant him Riches, &c.] But as modeſt as this

Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r! why private? why no
"king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,

COMMENTARY.

omplaint ſeemeth at firſt view, the poet next ſhews (from ✝ 156 o 167) that it is founded on a principle of the *higheſt extravaance*, which will never let the diſcontented good man reſt, 'till e becomes as vain and fooliſh in his imaginations as the very orſt ſort of complainers. For that when once he begins to hink he wants what is his due, he will never know where to op, while God hath any thing to give.

VER. 167. *What nothing earthly gives, &c.*] But this is not ll; he proveth next (from ✝ 166 to 185) that theſe demands re not only unreaſonable, but in the higheſt degree abſurd likeiſe. For that thoſe very goods, if granted, would be the deruction of that Virtue for which they are demanded as a Reard. He concludes therefore on the whole, that,

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm-ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize.—

Juſtice a Conq'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

COMMENTARY.

And that to aim at other, which not only is of no uſe to us here, but, what is more, will be of none hereafter, is a paſſion like that of an Infant or a Savage, where the one is impatient for what he will ſoon deſpiſe, and the other makes a proviſion for what he can never want.

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, &c.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epiſt. i. ♪ 99. and ſhewing, that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs, but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from charity: 'as when

— Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 185. *To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,*] The poet now enters more at large upon the matter: And ſtill continuing his diſcourſe to this third ſort of complainers (whom he indulgeth, as much more pardonable than the firſt or ſecond, in rectifying all their doubts and miſtakes) he proves, both from reaſon and example, how unable any of thoſe things are which the world moſt admires, to make a good man happy. For as to the Philoſophic miſtakes concerning Happineſs, there being little danger of their making a general impreſſion, he had, after a ſhort confutation, diſmiſſed them at once. But External goods are thoſe Syrens which ſo bewitch the world with dreams of Happineſs, that it is of all things the moſt difficult to awaken it out of its deluſions; though, as he proves in an exact review of the moſt pretending, they diſhonour bad men, and add no luſtre to the good. That it is only this third and leaſt criminal ſort of complainers, againſt which the remaining part of the diſcourſe is levelled, appeareth from the poet's ſo frequently addreſſing himſelf, while he inforceth his arguments in behalf of Providence, from henceforward to his friend.

I. He beginneth therefore (from ℣ 184 to 205) with conſidering RICHES. 1. He examines, firſt, what there is of real value or enjoyment in them; and ſheweth, they can give the good man only that very Contentment and that very Eſteem and Love which he had before: And ſcornfully cries out to thoſe of a different opinion,

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a Fool.

COMMENTARY.

2. Next he examines the imaginary value of Riches, as the fountain of Honour. For his adverſaries objection ſtandeth thus: —As Honour is the genuine claim of Virtue, and Shame the juſt retribution of Vice; and as Honour, in their opinion, follows Riches, and Shame Poverty; therefore the good man ſhould be *rich*. He tells them in this they are much miſtaken:

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wiſdom; ſo neither can her diſpleaſure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb indeed ſhe hath ſome little influence; but his Heart ſtill remains the ſame:

Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit; the pride of heart is the ſame both in the *flaunter* and *flutterer*, as it is *the poet's* intention to inſinuate by the uſe of thoſe terms.

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, &c.*] in the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt-Church once all colleges beſide.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 205. *Stuck o'er with titles, &c.*] II. Then as to NOBILITY, by creation or birth; this too the poet ſhews (from ℣ 204 to 217) is in itſelf as devoid of all real worth as the reſt; becauſe, in the firſt caſe, the Title is generally gain'd by no merit at all; in the ſecond, by the merit of the firſt Founder of the family; which will generally, when reflected on, be rather the *ſubject of Mortification* than Glory.

What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards? 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

COMMENTARY.

VER. 217. *Look next on Greatneſs; &c.*] III. The poet in the next place (from ℣ 216 to 237) unmaſks the falſe pretences of GREATNESS; whereby it is ſeen that the *Hero* and *Politician* (the two characters that would monopolize that quality) after all their buſtle effect only this, if they want Virtue, that the one

NOTES.

VER. 219. *Heroes are much the ſame, &c.*] This character might have been drawn with greater force; and deſerved the poet's care. But Milton ſupplies what is here wanting.

They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battles win,
Great Cities by aſſault. What do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving Freedom more
Than thoſe their Conqu'rors; who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy?
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods;
'Till Conqu'ror Death diſcovers them ſcarce Men,
Rolling in brutiſh Vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.

Par. Reg. B. iii.

Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

COMMENTARY.

proves himſelf a Fool, and the other a Knave: And Virtue they but too generally want; the art of Heroiſm being underſtood to conſiſt in Ravage and Deſolation, and the art of Politics in Circumvention.

It is not ſucceſs, therefore, that conſtitutes true Greatneſs; but the end aimed at, and the means which are employed: And if theſe be right, Glory will be the reward, whatever be the iſſue:

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

VER. 237. *What's Fame?*] IV. With regard to FAME,

Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the noble work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;

COMMENTARY.

that ſtill more fantaſtic bleſſing, he ſheweth (from ℣ 236 to 259) that all of it, beſides what we hear ourſelves, is merely nothing; and that even of this ſmall portion, no more of it giveth the poſſeſſor a real ſatisfaction, than what is the fruit of Virtue. Thus he ſhews, that Honour, Nobility, Greatneſs, Glory, ſo far as they have any thing real and ſubſtantial, that is, ſo far as they contribute to the Happineſs of the poſſeſſor, are the ſole iſſue of Virtue; and that neither Riches, Courts, Armies, nor the Populace, are capable of conferring them.

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 259. *In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?*] V. But laſtly, the poet proves (from ℣ 258 to 269) that as *no external* goods can make man happy, ſo neither is it in the power of *all internal*. For that even SUPERIOR PARTS bring no more real Happineſs to the poſſeſſor than the reſt; nay, that they put him into a worſe condition; for that the quickneſs of apprehenſion and depth of penetration do but ſharpen the miſeries of life.

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Painful preheminence! &c.*] This to his friend:—nor does it at all contradict what he had ſaid to him concerning Happineſs in the beginning of the epiſtle:

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

For he is now proving that nothing either external to Man, or what is not in his own power and of his own acquirement, can make him happy here. The moſt plauſible rival of Virtue is Knowledge: *yet even this* is ſo far from giving any degree of

Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account*; &c.] Having thus proved how empty and unſatisfactory all theſe greateſt external goods are, from an examination of their nature; he proceeds to ſtrengthen his argument (from ℣ 268 to 309) by theſe three further conſiderations:

1. That the acquirement of theſe goods is made with the loſs of one another, or of greater; either as inconſiſtent with them, or as ſpent in attaining them.

2. That the poſſeſſors of each of theſe goods are generally ſuch, as are ſo far from raiſing envy in a good man, that he would refuſe to take their perſons, though accompanied with their poſſeſſions: and this the poet illuſtrates by examples.

3. That even the poſſeſſion of them all together, where they have excluded Virtue, only terminates in more enormous miſery.

NOTES.

real Happineſs, that it deprives man of thoſe common comforts of life, which are a kind of ſupport to us under the want of Happineſs. Such as the more innocent of thoſe deluſions which he ſpeaks of in the ſecond Epiſtle:

Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days, &c.

Now Knowledge deſtroyeth all thoſe comforts, by ſetting man above Life's weakneſſes: So that in him, who thinketh to attain Happineſs by Knowledge alone, independent of Virtue, the fable is reverſed, and in a prepoſterous attempt to gain the ſubſtance, he loſeth even the ſhadow. This I take to be the ſenſe of this fine ſtroke of ſatire on the wrong purſuits after Happineſs.

Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

NOTES.

VER. 281, 283. *If Parts allure thee,—Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other ſuch. Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by whoſe aſſiſtance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conceptions, and the force of his expreſſion: Yet being legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the adminiſtration of Juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducte: and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe?
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

NOTES.

for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

VER. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe. —*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to I-columbkill*, deſcribing the church there, tells us, that "In one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in "which were the monuments of the kings of many different "nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of* "*Man*. THIS (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, "pointing to a plain ſtone) was the monument of the Great "TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and "could not but reflect of how little value is *Greatneſs*, that has "barely left a *name* ſcandalous to a nation, and a grave which "the meaneſt of mankind would never envy."

h wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
ome greedy minion, or imperious wife.
he trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade
nd haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
las! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
ompute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
he whole amount of that enormous fame,
Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happineſs below."
ie only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
id taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
here only Merit conſtant pay receives,
bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;

COMMENTARY.

ER. 309. *Know then this Truth, &c.*] Having thus at length wn that Happineſs conſiſts neither in *any* external goods, nor *ll* kinds of internal (that is, ſuch of them as are not of our n acquirement) nor yet in the viſionary purſuits of the Phi-phers, he concludes (from ℣ 308 to 311] that it is to be nd in VIRTUE ALONE.

ER. 311. *The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill, &c.*] herto the poet had proved, NEGATIVELY, that Happineſs ſiſts in Virtue, by ſhewing it conſiſted not in any other ig. He now (from ℣ 310 to 327) proves the ſame POSI-ELY, by an enumeration of its Qualities, all naturally adapt-:o give and to increaſe human Happineſs; as its Conſtancy,

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And checquers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Theſe lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his Soul came out, the condoling with ſome good man in affliction.

COMMENTARY.

Capacity, Vigour, Efficacy, Activity, Moderation, and Self-ſufficiency.

ee the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
ich who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
: bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
e to no ſect, who takes no private road,
looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
ſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
s heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
, that no Being any bliſs can know,
touches ſome above, and ſome below;
ns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
nd, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

COMMENTARY.

R. 327. *See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!*] ng thus proved that Happineſs is really placed in *Virtue*; he s next (from ℣ 326 to 329) that it is *rightly* placed there; at then, and then only, ALL may partake of it, and ALL pable of reliſhing it.

R. 329. *Yet poor with fortune, &c.*] The poet then ob- h, with ſome indignation (from ℣ 328 to 341) that as eaſy s evident as this truth was, yet Riches and falſe Philoſophy o blinded the diſcernment even of improved minds, that ollectors of the firſt, placed Happineſs in External, un- le to Man's Nature; and the followers of the latter, in d Virtues, unſuitable to his Situation: while the ſimple- ed man, with NATURE only for his guide, found plainly at it ſhould be placed.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,*] But this is not all; the author ſhews further (from ℣ 340 to 353) that when the ſimple-minded man, on his firſt ſetting out in the purſuit of Truth in order to Happineſs, hath had the wiſdom

To look thro' Nature up to Nature's God,

(inſtead of adhering to any ſect or party, where there was ſo great odds of his chuſing wrong) that then the benefit of gain-

NOTES.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.*] PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe. "He whoſe conſcience does not re-"proach him, has chearful *Hope*, for his companion, and the "ſupport and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For "this great poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he "who leads a juſt and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for "his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the "ſupport and comfort of his old age. *Hope*, the moſt "powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-changing "and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἀνοσίως ἀδίκων ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ πάρεσι, ἣ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς ἡ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροτρόφος συναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύστροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί. τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. ℣ 105.

"He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally:* "But to be *without hope in the world* is the portion of the "*wicked.*"

He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.

COMMENTARY.

ing the knowledge of God's will *written in the mind*, is not confined there; for ſtanding on this ſure foundation, he is now no longer in danger of chuſing wrong, amidſt ſuch diverſities of Religions; but by purſuing this grand Scheme of univerſal Benevolence, in practice as well as theory, he arrives at length to the knowledge of the *revealed* will of God, which is the conſummation of the ſyſtem of benevolence:

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul,
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

VER. 353. *Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, &c.*] The poet, in the laſt place, marks out (from ℣ 352 to 373) the Progreſs of his good man's Benevolence, puſhed through natural religion to revealed, 'till it arrives to that height which the ſacred writers deſcribe as the very ſummit of Chriſtian perfection: And ſhews how the progreſs of *human* differs from the progreſs of *divine* benevolence. That the divine deſcends from *whole* to *parts*; but that the human muſt riſe from *individual* to *univerſal*. His argument for this extended benevolence is, that, as God has made a Whole, whoſe parts have a perfect relation to, and an entire dependency on each other, Man, by extending his bene-

Is this too little for the boundleſs heart? 355
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

COMMENTARY.

volence throughout that Whole, acts in conformity to the will of his Creator; and therefore this Enlargement of his affection becomes a duty. But the poet hath not only ſhewn his piety in this obſervation, but the utmoſt art and addreſs likewiſe in the diſpoſition of it. The *Eſſay on Man* opens with expoſing the murmurings and impious concluſions of fooliſh men againſt the preſent conſtitution of things: As it proceeds, it occaſionally detects all thoſe falſe principles and opinions that led them to conclude thus perverſely. Having now done all that was neceſſary in Speculation, the author turns to Practice; and ends his Eſſay with the recommendation of an acknowledged virtue, Charity; which, if exerciſed in the *Extent* that conformity to the will of God requireth, would effectually prevent all complaints againſt the preſent order of things: ſuch complaints being made with a total diſregard to every thing but their *own private ſyſtem*, and ſeeking remedy in the diſorder, and at the expence of all the reſt. This obſervation,

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,

is important: Rochefoucault, Eſprit, and their wordy diſciple Mandeville, had obſerved that Self-love was the Origin of all thoſe virtues Mankind moſt admire; and therefore fooliſhly ſuppoſed it was the End likewiſe: And ſo taught that the higheſt pretences to diſintereſtedneſs were only the more artful diſguiſes of Self-love. But our author, who ſays ſomewhere or other,

Of human Nature, Wit its worſt may write,
We all revere it in our own deſpite, MS.

ſaw, as well as they and every body elſe, that the Paſſions began in Self-love; yet he underſtood human Nature better than to imagine they terminated there. He knew that Reaſon and Religion could convert Selfiſhneſs into its very oppoſite; and therefore teacheth that

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake:

And thus hath vindicated the dignity of human Nature, and the philoſophic truth of the Chriſtian doctrine.

he whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
:r as kinder, in whate'er degree,
eight of Bliſs but height of Charity.
loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
iſe from Individual to the Whole.
ve but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
:ntre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
:r ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
intry next; and next all human race;
ınd more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
:v'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
miles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
leav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
ıe then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
ſter of the poet, and the ſong!

VARIATIONS.

373. *Come then, my friend! &c.*] In the MS. thus,
I now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
ıile the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,

NOTES.

373. *Come then, my Friend! &c.*] This noble Apo-
by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs

And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

VARIATIONS.

While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury and aſſiſt her flight?

NOTES.

to his friend, will furniſh a Critic with examples of every one of thoſe *five* Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME[a].

1. The firſt and chief is *a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception.*

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
O Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame Time, melts and inflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe,
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonance of Figures:

O! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale!

a —πάντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναία φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?

NOTES.

4. A ſplendid Diction:

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fifthly*, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride whatever *is*, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer *one great* AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW?

That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 394. *Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever Is, is Right*;] The poet's addreſs to his friend, which concludeth this epiſtle ſo nobly, and endeth with a recapitulation of the general argument, affords me the following obſervation, with which I ſhall conclude theſe remarks. There is one great beauty that ſhines through the whole *Eſſay*: The Poet, whether he ſpeaks of Man as an Individual, a Member of Society, or the Subject of Happineſs, never miſſeth an opportunity, while he is explaining his ſtate under any of theſe capacities, to illuſtrate it in the moſt artful manner by the inforcement of his grand Principle, *That every thing tendeth to the good of the Whole*, from whence his ſyſtem receives the reciprocal advantage of having that grand Theorem realized by facts, and his facts juſtified on a principle of Right or Nature.

THUS I have endeavoured to analyſe, and explain the exact reaſoning of theſe four epiſtles. Enough I preſume to convince every one, that it hath a preciſion, force, and cloſeneſs of connection, rarely to be met with, even in the moſt formal treatiſes of Philoſophy. Yet in doing this, it is but too evident I have deſtroyed that grace and energy which animates the original. And now let the reader believe, if he be ſo diſpoſed, what a certain Critic upon this work inſinuates to be his own opinion, as well as that of his friends: "Some perſons, ſays he, have "conjectured that Mr. Pope did not compoſe this Eſſay at once, "and in a regular order; but that after he had wrote ſeveral "fragments of poetry, all finiſhed in their kind, (one, for "example, on the parallel between Reaſon and Inſtinct, an-"other upon Man's groundleſs Pride, another on the Prerogatives of human Nature, another on Religion and Superſtition,

That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.*] in the MS. thus,

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

" another on the Original of Society, and ſeveral fragments " beſides on Self-love and the Paſſions) he tacked theſe toge- " ther as he could, and divided them into four epiſtles; as, it is " ſaid, was the fortune of Homer's Rhapſodies." I ſuppoſe this will be believed as ſoon of one as of the other. But his French Poetical Tranſlator is not behind hand with his Critic, in this judgment on their Author's work. " The only reaſon " (ſays this tranſlator) for which this poem can be properly " termed an *Eſſay*, is, that the author has not formed his plan " with all the regularity of method which it might have ad- " mitted"—and again—" I was, by the unanimous opinion of " all thoſe whom I have conſulted on this occaſion, and amongſt " theſe, of ſeveral *Engliſhmen* completely ſkilled in both lan- " guages, *obliged to follow a different method. The French are* " *not ſatisfied with ſentiments, however beautiful, unleſs they be* " *methodically diſpoſed: Method being the Characteriſtic that di-* " *ſtinguiſhes our performances from thoſe of our Neighbours*," &c. It is enough juſt to have quoted theſe wonderful Men of method, and to leave them to the laughter of the public.

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE

Univerſal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

COMMENTARY.

Univerſal Prayer.] It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages, in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: That the firſt cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weig the poet choſe for his model the LORD's PRAYER, which, *all others*, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his Paraphraſe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

NOTES.

If I am right, the grace impart,—
If I am wrong, O teach my heart]

As the *imparting grace* on the chriſtian ſyſtem is a ſtronger exertion of the divine power, than the natural illumination of the heart, one would expect that *right* and *wrong* ſhould change places; more aid being required to reſtore men to the *right* than to keep them in it. But as it was the poet's purpoſe to inſinuate that Revelation was the *right*, nothing could better expreſs his purpoſe than the making the *right* ſecured by the guards of *grace*.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

Moral Eſſays

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

Several Perſons.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſis onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir *Richard Temple*, Lord *Cobham*.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* MEN.

THAT it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the Abſtract: Books *will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own* Experience *ſingly*, ℣ 1. *General maxims, unleſs they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, ℣ 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf*, ℣ 15. *Difficulties ariſing from our own Paſſions, Fancies, Faculties*, &c. ℣ 31. *The ſhortneſs of Life, to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men, to obſerve by*, ℣ 37, &c. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourſelves*, ℣ 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent*, ℣ 51. *The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſeaſons*, ℣ 71. *Unimaginable weakneſſes in the greateſt*, ℣ 70, &c. *Nothing conſtant and certain but* God *and* Nature, ℣ 95. No judging of

the Motives *from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influencing contrary actions,* ℣ 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* ſtrongeſt actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itſelf, and from* Policy, ℣ 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world,* ℣ 135. *And ſome reaſon for it,* ℣ 140. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at leaſt* Character, *of many,* ℣ 149. Actions, Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all ſubject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* ℣ 158 *to* 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions,* ℣ 175. *Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, ℣ 179. *A caution againſt miſtaking* ſecond qualities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind,* ℣ 210. *Examples of the ſtrength of the* Ruling Paſſion, *and its continuation to the laſt breath,* ℣ 222, &c.

N. Blakey inv.t & del. G. Scotin Sculp.

'Boastfull & rough your first Son is a Squire;
'The next a Tradesman, meek and much a Liar;
'Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and Brave;
'Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding Knave.

Char: of Men.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.

COMMENTARY.

Epiſtle of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.] Whoever compares this with the former Editions of this poem, will obſerve that the order and diſpoſition of the ſeveral parts are entirely changed and reverſed, tho' with hardly the Alteration of a ſingle Word. When the Editor, at the Author's deſire, firſt examined this Epiſtle, he was ſurprized to find it contain a number of fine obſervations, without order, connection, or dependence: but much more ſo, when, on an attentive review, he ſaw, that, if put into a different form, on an idea he then conceived, it would have all the clearneſs of method, and force of connected reaſoning. The author appeared as much ſtruck with the thing as the editor, and agreed to put the Poem into the preſent order, which has given it all the juſtneſs of a true compoſition. The introduction of the epiſtle on Riches was in the ſame condition, and underwent the ſame reform.

NOTES.

Moral Eſſays.] The ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been compriſed in Four Books:

The *Firſt* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epiſtles.

The *Second* was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reaſon. 2. Of thoſe Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Uſe, and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Uſe of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of

The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

COMMENTARY.

EPISTLE I] This Epiſtle is divided into three principal parts or members: The firſt (from ✶ 1 to 99) treats of the difficulties in coming at the *Knowledge* and true *Characters of Men.* —The ſecond (from ✶ 98 to 173) of the *wrong means* which

NOTES.

Wit; concluding with a Satyr againſt the Miſapplication of them, illuſtrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the ſeveral Modes of Religious Worſhip, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always ſuppoſed there was the moſt intereſting relation and cloſeſt connection; ſo that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and laſt Book concerned private Ethics or practical Morality, conſidered in all the Circumſtances, Orders, Profeſſions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and communicated to L. Bolinbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years: but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his ſtrong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *diſjecta membra Poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiſs to be a little more particular concerning each of theſe projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general under every of his relations, becomes the

And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much,
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th'Obſerver's ſake;

COMMENTARY.

both *Philoſophers* and *Men of the World* have employed in ſurmounting thoſe difficulties. And the third (from ℣ 174 to the end) treats of the *right means*, with directions for the application of them.

VER. 1. *Yes, you deſpiſe the man* &c.] The Epiſtle is introduced (from ℣ 1 to 15) by obſerving, that the *Knowledge of Men* is neither to be gained by Books nor Experience alone, but by the joint uſe of both; for that the *Maxims* of the *Philoſopher* and the *Concluſions* of the *Man of the World* can, ſeparately, but ſupply a vague and ſuperficial knowledge: And often not ſo much; as thoſe *Maxims* are founded in the abſtract *notions* of the writer; and theſe *concluſions* are drawn from the uncertain

NOTES.

foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of the *three* following; ſo that

The SECOND BOOK was to take up again the *Firſt* and *Second* Epiſtles of the *Firſt* Book, and treats of man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have contained a Satire againſt the miſapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *Fourth* book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occaſionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to reaſſume the ſubject of the *Third* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be beſt executed in an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable leſs invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and falſe Governments and Religions ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and laſt Book was to purſue the ſubject of the *Fourth Epiſtle of the Firſt*, and treats of Ethics, or practical

To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.

COMMENTARY.

conjectures of the obſerver: But when the writer joins his *ſpeculation* to the *experience* of the obſerver, his *notions* are rectified into *principles*: and when the obſerver regulates his *experience* on the *notions* of the writer, his *conjectures* advance into *ſcience*. Such is the reaſoning of this introduction; which, beſides its propriety to the general ſubject of the Epiſtle, has a peculiar relation to each of its parts or members: For the *cauſes of the difficulty* in coming at the knowledge and characters of men, explained in the firſt, will ſhew the importance of what is here delivered, of the *joint* aſſiſtance of ſpeculation and practice to ſurmount it; and the *wrong means*, which both *philoſophers* and *men of the world* have employed in overcoming thoſe difficulties diſcourſed of in the ſecond, have their ſource here deduced, which is ſeen to be a *ſeparate* adherence of each to his own method of ſtudying men, and a mutual contempt of the others. Laſtly, the *right means* delivered in the third, will be of little uſe in the application, without the direction here delivered: For tho' the obſervation of Men and Manners diſcovered a *ruling paſſion*, yet, without a *philoſophic* knowledge of human nature, we may eaſily miſtake a *ſecondary* and *ſubſidiary* paſſion for the *principal*, and ſo be never the nearer in the Knowledge of Men. But the elegant and eaſy *Form* of the *introduction* equals the Propriety of its *matter*; for the epiſtle being addreſſed to a noble perſon, diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge of the World, it opens, as it were, in the midſt of a familiar converſation, which lets us at once into his character; where the poet, by politely affecting *only* to ridicule the uſeleſs Knowledge of Men confined to Books, and *only* to extol that acquired by the World, artfully inſinuates how equally defective the latter may be, when conducted on the ſame narrow principle: Which is too often the caſe, as *men of the world* are more than ordinarily prejudiced in favour of their own obſervations for the ſake of the

NOTES.

Morality; and would have conſiſted of many members; of which the four following Epiſtles were detached Portions: the *two firſt*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding Book.

There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.

That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:

COMMENTARY.

obſerver, and, for the ſame reaſon, leſs indulgent to the diſcoveries of others.

I.

VER. 15. *There's ſome Peculiar &c.*] The poet enters on the firſt diviſion of his ſubject, *the difficulties of coming at the Knowledge and true Characters of Men.* The firſt cauſe of this difficulty, which he proſecutes (from ℣ 14 to 19) is the great *diverſity of Characters*, of which, to abate our wonder, and not diſcourage our inquiry, he only deſires we would *grant* him

—but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.

Hereby artfully inſinuating, that if Nature has varied the moſt worthleſs vegetable into above three hundred ſpecies, we need not wonder at the like diverſity in the human mind: And if a variety in that vegetable has been thought of importance enough to employ the leiſure of a ſerious enquirer, much more will the ſame quality in this maſter-piece of Nature deſerve our ſtudy and attention.

VER. 19. *That each from other differs, &c.*] A ſecond cauſe of this difficulty (from ℣ 18 to 21) is *Man's inconſtancy*, whereby not only one man differs from another, but each man from himſelf.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *And yet — Men may be read, as well as Books, too much, &c.*] The poet has here covertly deſcrib'd a famous ſyſtem of a *man of the world*, the celebrated *Maxims of M. de la Rochefoucault*, which are one continued *ſatire* on human Nature, and hold much of the ill language of the Parrot: Our author's ſyſtem of human nature will explain the *reaſon* of the *cenſure*.

Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 21. *Add Nature's &c.*] A third cauſe (from ℣ 20 to 23) is that *obſcurity* thrown over the Characters of men, through the ſtrife and conteſt between *nature* and *cuſtom*, between *reaſon* and *appetite*, between *truth* and *opinion*. And as moſt men, either thro' *education*, *temperature*, or *profeſſion*, have their Characters warp'd by *cuſtom*, *appetite*, and *opinion*, the obſcurity ariſing from thence is almoſt univerſal.

VER. 23. *Our depths who fathoms, &c.*] A fourth cauſe (from ℣ 20 to 25) is deep *diſſimulation*, and reſtleſs *caprice*, whereby the ſhallows of the mind are as difficult to be *found*, as the depths of it to be *fathom'd*.

VER. 25. *On human actions &c.*] A fifth cauſe (from ℣ 24 to 31) is the ſudden change of his *Principle of action*, either on the point of its being laid open and detected, or when it is reaſoned upon, and attempted to be explored.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.*] The poet refers here only to the *effects*: In the *Eſſay on Man* he gives both the *efficient* and the *final cauſe*: The Firſt in the third Ep. ℣ 231.

E'er Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light.

For *oblique Wit* is *Opinion*. The other, in the ſecond Ep. ℣ 283.

Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Theſe painted clouds that beautify our days, *&c.*

VER. 26. *It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:*] *i. e.* The Philoſopher may invent a *rational hypotheſis* that ſhall account for the appearances he would inveſtigate; and yet that *hypotheſis* be all the while very wide of truth and the *nature of things*.

His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 31. *Yet more; the difference &c.*] Hitherto the poet hath ſpoken of the cauſes of difficulty ariſing from the *obſcurity of the Object*; he now comes to thoſe which proceed from *defects in the Obſerver*. The Firſt of which, and a ſixth cauſe of difficulty, he ſhews (from 30 to 37) is the perverſe *manners*, *affections*, and *imaginations* of the obſerver, whereby the Characters of others are rarely ſeen either in their true *light*, *complexion*, or *proportion*.

VER. 37. *Nor will Life's ſtream for Obſervation &c.*] The

NOTES.

VER. 29. *Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,— You loſe it in the moment you detect.*] This Simile is extremely beautiful. In order to ſhew the difficulty of diſcovering the operations of the heart in a *moral ſenſe*, he illuſtrates it by another attempt ſtill more difficult, the diſcovery of its operations in a *natural*: For the ſeat of animal life being in the *heart*, our endeavours of tracing it thither muſt neceſſarily drive it from thence.

VER 33. *All Manners take a* tincture *from our own;— Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.*] Theſe two lines are

In vain ſedate reflections we wou'd make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft, in the Paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.

COMMENTARY.

Second of theſe, and ſeventh cauſe of difficulty (from ℣ 36 to 41) is the *ſhortneſs of human life*, which will not ſuffer the obſerver to ſelect and weigh out his knowledge, but juſt to ſnatch it as it rolls rapidly by him down the current of Time.

VER. 41. *Oft, in the Paſſions' &c.*] We come now to the eighth and laſt cauſe, which very properly concludes the account, as, in a ſort, it ſums up all the difficulties in one (from ℣ 40 to 51) namely, that very often the *man himſelf is ignorant of his own motive of action*; the cauſe of which ignorance our author has admirably explain'd: When the mind (ſays he) is now quite tired out by the long conflict of oppoſite motives, it withdraws its attention, and ſuffers the *will* to be ſeized upon by the firſt that afterwards obtrudes itſelf, without taking notice what that motive is. This is finely illuſtrated by what he ſuppoſes the general cauſe of dreams; where the fancy, juſt let looſe, poſſeſſes itſelf of the *laſt image* which it meets with on the confines between ſleep and waking, and on that erects all its viſionary operation; yet this image is, with great difficulty, recollected; and never, but when ſome accident happens to interrupt our firſt ſlumbers: Then (which proves the truth of the hypotheſis) we are ſometimes able to trace the workings of the Fancy backwards, from image to image, in a chain, till we come to that from whence they all aroſe.

NOTES.

remarkable for the exactneſs and propriety of expreſſion. The word *tincture*, which implies a weak colour given by degrees, well deſcribes the influence of the *Manners*; and the word *diſcolour*, which implies a quicker change and by a deeper dye, denotes as well the operation of the Paſſions.

As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.

True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 51. *True, ſome are open, &c.*] But now in anſwer to all this, an *objector* (from ℣ 50 to 61) may ſay, "That theſe "difficulties ſeem to be aggravated: For many Characters are "ſo plainly marked, that no man can miſtake them: And not "ſo only in the more *open* and *frank*, but in the *cloſeſt* and "moſt *recluſe* likewiſe." Of each of which the objector gives an inſtance, whereby it appears, that the forbidding cloſeneſs and concealed hypocriſy in the one, are as conſpicuous to all mankind, as the gracious openneſs and frank plain-dealing of

NOTES.

VER. 56. — *peeps not from its hole.*] Which ſhews that this grave perſon was content with his preſent ſituation; as finding but ſmall ſatisfaction in what a famous poet reckons one of the great advantages of old age,

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light from chinks that time has made. Scrib.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.

COMMENTARY.

the other.—The Reader ſees this objection is more particularly level'd at the doctrine of ℣ 23.

Our *depths* who fathoms, and our *ſhallows* finds?

for here it endeavours to prove, that both are equally explorable.

VER. 63. *But theſe plain Characters &c.*] To this objection, therefore, our author replies (from ℣ 60 to 67) that indeed the fact may be true in the inſtances given, but that ſuch *plain characters* are extremely rare: And for the truth of this, he not only appeals to experience, but explains the cauſes of that perplexed and complicated Character which diffuſes itſelf over the whole ſpecies, 1. The Firſt of which is, the *vivacity of the imagination*; ſo that when the bias of the Paſſions is ſufficiently determined to mark out the Character, yet even theh, as the vigour of the Fancy generally riſes in proportion to the ſtrength of the Appetites, the one no ſooner directs the bias, than the other reverſes it,

Tho' *ſtrong* the bent, yet *quick* the turns of mind.

2. A Second cauſe is the *contrariety of Appetites*, which drawing ſeveral ways, as *Avarice* and *Luxury*, *Ambition* and *Indolence*, *&c.* (expreſſed in the line,

Or puzzling *Contraries* confound the whole,)

they muſt needs make the ſame Character inconſiſtent to itſelf, and conſequently inexplicable to the obſerver.

The Dull, flat Falſhood ſerves, for policy:
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chace, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner---then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

COMMENTARY.

3. A Third cauſe is *Affectation*, that aſpires to qualities, which neither *nature* nor *education* has given us, and which, conſequently, neither *uſe* nor *art* will ever render graceful or becoming. On this account it is, he well obſerves,

Or Affectations quite *reverſe* the ſoul;

natural paſſions may indeed turn it from that bias which the *ruling one* has given it; but the *affected paſſions* diſtort all its faculties, and cramp all its operations; ſo that it acts with the ſame conſtraint that a tumbler walks upon his hands.

VER. 69. *Unthought-of Frailties &c.*] 4. A Fourth cauſe lies in the *Inequalities in the human mind*, which expoſe the *wiſe* to unexpected frailties, and conduct the *weak* to as unlook'd for wiſdom.

VER. 71. *See the ſame man, &c.*] Of all theſe Four *cauſes* he here gives examples: 1. Of the *vivacity of the Imagination* (from ℣ 71 to 77)—2. Of the *contrariety of Appetites* (from ℣ 76 to 81)—3. Of *Affectation* (from ℣ 80 to 87)—and 4. Of the *Inequalities of the human mind* (from ℣ 86 to 95.)

Who would not praiſe Patritio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

NOTES.

VER. 81. *Patritio*] Lord *G—n.*

VER. 87. —*ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!*] Charron was an admirer of Montagne; had contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with him; and has transferred an infinite number of his thoughts into his famous book *De la Sageſſe*; but his moderating every-where the extravagant Pyrrhoniſm of his friend, is the reaſon why the poet calls him *more ſage Charron.*

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

VER. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion. The ſame has been obſerved of many other *Politicians.* The

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?

NOTES.

Italians, in general, are not more noted for their refined *Politics* than for their attachment to the dotages of *Aſtrology* under the influence of *Atheiſm*. It may be worth while to enquire into the cauſe of ſo ſingular a phenomenon, as it may probably do honour to Religion. Theſe men obſerving (and none have equal opportunities of ſo doing) how perpetually public events fall out beſides their expectation, and contrary to the beſt-laid ſchemes of worldly policy, cannot but confeſs that human affairs are ordered by ſome power extrinſical. To acknowledge a God and his Providence would be next to introducing a morality deſtructive of that public ſyſtem which they think neceſſary for the government of the world. They have recourſe therefore to that abſurd ſcheme of Power which rules by no other law than *Fate* or *Deſtiny*. The conſideration of this perhaps was the reaſon that the poet, to keep up decorum, and to preſerve the diſtinction between a *Patriot* and a *Politician*, makes the former rely on *Providence* for the public ſafety, in the concluding words of the Epiſtle,

Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
O ſave my Country, Heav'n! ſhall be your laſt.

VER. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reſumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned the crown, and trying to reaſſume it, was impriſoned till his death. P.

VER. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,—And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

VER. 95. *Know, God and Nature, &c.*] By *Nature* is not here meant any imaginary ſubſtitute of God, called a *Plaſtic*

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th'apparent What conclude the Why,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 95. *Know, God and Nature &c.*] Having thus proved what he had propoſed, the *premiſſes* naturally lead him into a moral reflexion, with which he concludes his *firſt part*, namely, that conſtancy is to be expected in no human Character whatſoever, but to be found only in God and his Laws: That as to Man, he is not only perpetually ſhifting and varying, even while *within the verge* of his own nature; but is frequently flying out into each extreme both *above* and *below* it: Now aſſociating in good earneſt with Brutes; and now again affecting the imaginary converſation of Angels [See *Eſſay on Man*, Ep. ii. ℣ 8.]

A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the *Moon* perhaps, now *under ground.*

II.

VER. 99. *In vain the Sage, &c.*] The author having ſhewn the difficulties in coming to the Knowledge and true Characters of men, enters now upon the *ſecond diviſion* of his Poem, which is *of the wrong means that both Philoſophers and Men of the world*

NOTES.

nature; but his *moral laws:* And this obſervation was inſerted with great propriety and diſcretion, in the concluſion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumſtance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to inſinuate, that morality is founded more in cuſtom and faſhion than in the nature of things. The ſpeaking therefore of a moral law of God as having all the conſtancy and durability of *his Eſſence*, had an high expediency in this place.

Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! If Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

COMMENTARY.

have employed in ſurmounting thoſe difficulties. He had, in the Introduction, ſpoken of the abſurd conduct of both, in deſpiſing the aſſiſtance of each other: He now juſtifies his cenſure by an examination of their peculiar doctrines; and, to take them in their own way, conſiders them, as they would be conſidered, *ſeparately.* And *firſt*, of the *Philoſopher*, whoſe principal miſtake is in ſuppoſing *that Actions beſt decipher* the *Motive of the actor.* This he confutes (from ℣ 98 to 109) by ſhewing that *different Actions* proceed often from the *ſame motive*; whether of *accident*, as diſappointed views; or of *temperature*, as an aduſt complexion; which he thus illuſtrates,

Behold! If Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns, &c.

In judging therefore of *Motives* by *Actions*, the Philoſopher muſt needs be frequently miſtaken; becauſe the paſſion or appetite, which, when impelling to *Action*, we call the *Motive*, may be equally gratified in the purſuit of very different meaſures.

NOTES.

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd — Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The atrabilaire complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not ſo well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whoſe health, the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was frequently diſorder'd by bilious

Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great;
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 109. *Not always actions ſhew the man: &c.*] The Philoſopher's *ſecond* miſtake is, that *Actions decipher the Character of the actor.* This too, the author confutes (from ver. 108 to 135) and, as in correcting the foregoing miſtake, he proved, *that different Actions often proceed from the ſame Motive:* ſo here he proves, *that the ſame Action often proceeds from different Motives*; thus a *kind Action*, he obſerves, as commonly ariſeth from the accidents of proſperity or fine weather, as from a natural diſpoſition to humanity; a *modeſt Action*, as well from pride, as humility; a *brave Action*, as eaſily from habit or faſhion, as magnanimity; and a *prudent Action* as often from vanity, as wiſdom. Now the *Character* being really determined by the *Motives*, and various, nay contrary *Motives* producing the ſame *Action*, the *Action* can never decipher the *Character of the actor.* But further (continues the poet) if we attend to what has been ſaid, we ſhall diſcover another circumſtance in the caſe, that will not only make it extremely difficult, but abſolutely impracticable to decipher the Character by the Action: and that is, the *diſcordancy of Action* in the ſame Character; a neceſſary conſequence of the two principles proved above, *that different Actions proceed from the ſame Motive*, and that *the ſame Action proceeds from different Motives.*

NOTES.

fevers. But what the author meant principally to obſerve here was, that this humour made both theſe princes act contrary

Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.
But grant that Actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

COMMENTARY.

VER. 119. *But grant that Actions &c.*] But (ſays he) if you will judge of man by his *Actions*, you are not to ſelect ſuch only as you like, or can manage, you muſt fairly take all you find: Now, when you have got theſe together, they will prove ſo very diſcordant that no conſiſtent Character can poſſibly be made out of them. What is to be done then? Will you *ſuppreſs* all thoſe you cannot reconcile to the few capital Actions which you chuſe for the foundation of your Character? But this the laws of truth will not permit. Will you then miſcall them? and ſay they were not the natural workings of the man, but the diſguiſes of the politician? But what will you get by that, beſides reverſing the beſt known Character, and making the owner of it the direct oppoſite of himſelf? However, this (ſays

NOTES.

to their Character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a man of the Cloſet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

VER. 117. *Who reaſons wiſely &c.*] By *reaſoning* is not here meant *ſpeculating*; but deliberating and reſolving in public counſels; for this inſtance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.
Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129, in the former Editions,

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Alter'd as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. As Cæſar too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle Example.

COMMENTARY.

our author) the reaſoning and philoſophic hiſtorian has been always ready to do with the *Actions* of great men: of which he gives two famous inſtances in the life of Cæſar. The concluſion, from the whole, is, that *Actions do not ſhew the Man.*

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.*] Cæſar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friend aſked him, in his ear, the reaſon of his ſudden retreat from Britain, after ſo many pretended victories, we have cauſe to ſuſpect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whiſper'd he was beat.*

VER. 131. *Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharſalia, Cæſar purſued his enemy to Alex-

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 135. *'Tis from high Life, &c.*] The poet having done with the *Philoſopher*, now turns to the *Man of the world*; whoſe *firſt* miſtake is in ſuppoſing men's true *Characters may be known by their ſtation.* This, tho' a mere mob-opinion, is the opinion in faſhion, and cheriſhed by the Mob of all ranks; therefore, tho' beneath the poet's reaſoning, he thought it deſerving of his ridicule; and the ſtrongeſt was what he gives (from ℣ 134 to 141) a naked expoſition of the fact; to which he has ſubjoined (from ℣ 140 to 149) an ironical apology, that, as Virtue is cultivated with infinitely more labour in Courts than

NOTES.

andria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, inſtead of puſhing his advantages, and diſperſing the relicks of the Pharſalian quarrel, (after narrowly eſcaping the violence of an enraged populace) he brought upon himſelf an unneceſſary war, at a time his arms were moſt wanted elſewhere.

VER. 141. *Court-virtues bear, like Gems, &c.*] This whole reflexion, and the ſimilitude brought to ſupport it, have a great delicacy of ridicule.

Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;

COMMENTARY.

in Cottages, it is but juſt to ſet an infinitely higher value on it; which, ſays he with much pleaſantry, is moſt agreeable to all the faſhionable ways of eſtimation. For why do the connoiſſeurs prefer the lively colour in a Gem before that in a Flower, but for its extreme rarity and difficulty of production?

VER. 149. *'Tis Education forms &c.*] This *ſecond* miſtake of the *Man of the world* is more ſerious; it is, that *Characters are beſt judged of by the general Manners.* This the poet confutes in a lively enumeration of examples (from ℣ 148 to 158) which ſhew, that how ſimilar or different ſoever the *Manners* be by *Nature*, yet they are all new model'd by *Education* and *Profeſſion*; where each man invariably receives that exotic form which the mould he falls into, is fitted to imprint. The *natural Character* therefore can never be judged of by theſe *fictitious Manners.*

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;*] "The only *glory* of a *Tradeſman* (ſays Hobbes) is to grow exceſſively rich by the *wiſdom* of buying and ſelling." A purſuit very wide of all *vain-glory*; ſo that if he be given to *lying*, it is certainly on a more ſubſtantial motive, and will therefore rather deſerve the name, which this philoſopher gives it, of *wiſdom.* SCRIBL.

Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 158. *Aſk mens Opinions: &c.*] The *third* miſtake is in judging of mens characters by their *Opinions and turn of thinking*. But theſe, the poet ſhews by two examples (from ℣ 157 to 166.] are generally ſwayed by *Intereſt*, both in the *affairs of Life* and *Speculation*.

VER. 166. *Judge we by Nature? &c.*] The poet having

NOTES.

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found; Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.*] Diſaſters the moſt unlooked for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *Speculations* and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient claſſical opinion, that the ſudden viſion of a God *was ſuppoſed* to ſtrike the irreverend obſerver ſpeech-

By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

COMMENTARY.

gone through the *miſtakes* both of the *Philoſopher* and *Man of the world*, ſeparately, turns now to *both*; and (from ℣ 165 to 174) jointly addreſſes them in a *recapitulation* of his reaſoning againſt *each*: He ſhews, that if we pretend to develope the *Character* by the *natural diſpoſition in general*, we ſhall find it extremely difficult, becauſe this is often *effaced* by *Habit*, *overſwayed* by *Intereſt*, and *ſuſpended* by *Policy*.—If by *Actions*, their contrariety will leave us in utter doubt and uncertainty.—If by *Paſſions*, we ſhall be perpetually miſled by the maſk of *Diſſimulation*.—If by *Opinions*, all theſe concur together to perplex the enquiry. Shew us, then, ſays he, in the whole range of your *Philoſophy* and *Experience*, the thing we can be *certain* of: For (to ſum up all in a word)

Manners with Fortunes, *Humours* turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.

We muſt ſeek therefore ſome other road to the point we aim at.

NOTES.

leſs. He has only a little extended the conceit, and ſuppoſed, that the terrors of a *Court-God* might have the like effect on a very devoted worſhipper. SCRIBL.

VER. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes, Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The poet had hitherto reckoned up the ſeveral *ſimple* cauſes that hinder our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In theſe two fine lines he deſcribes the *complicated* cauſes. *Humours* bear the ſame relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Tenets*; that is, the former are modes of the latter; our *Manners*

Search then the RULING PASSION: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere; 176
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him or he dies;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 174. *Search then the Ruling Paſſion: &c.*] And now we enter on the *third* and laſt part; which treats of the *right means* of ſurmounting the difficulties in coming to the *Knowledge* and *Characters of Men:* This the poet ſhews, is *by inveſtigating the* RULING PASSION: of whoſe origin and nature we may find an exact account in the ſecond Ep. of the *Eſſay on Man.* This *Principle* he rightly obſerves (from ℣ 173 to 180) is the clue that muſt guide us thro' all the intricacies in the ways of men: To convince us of which, he applies it (from ℣ 179 to 210) to the moſt wild and inconſiſtent Character that ever was; which (when drawn out at length, in a ſpirit of poetry as rare as the character itſelf) we ſee, this *Principle* unravels, and renders throughout of one plain conſiſtent thread.

NOTES.

(ſays the Poet) are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or Stations; our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or Profeſſions; and then each drawn ſtill more oblique, into *humour* and political *principles*, by the temperature of the *climate*, and the conſtitution of the *government*.

VER. 174. *Search then the Ruling Paſſion:*] See Eſſay on Man, Ep. ii. ℣ 133. & ſeq.

VER. 181. *The Luſt of Praiſe:*] This very well expreſſes

Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:

NOTES.

the *groſſneſs* of his appetite for it; where the *ſtrength* of the Paſſion had deſtroyed all the *delicacy* of the Senſation.

VER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rocheſter, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second. P.

VER. 189. *With the ſame* ſpirit] *Spirit*, for principle, not paſſion.

VER. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit] *Folly*, join'd with much *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Abſurdity*; and this Abſurdity the poet has here admirably deſcribed in the words,

Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd.

A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ℣ 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Alter'd, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

NOTES.

by which we are made to underſtand, that the perſon deſcribed gave a looſe to his *Fancy* when he ſhould have uſed his *Judgment*; and purſued his *Speculations* when he ſhould have truſted to his *Experience*.

VER. 205. *And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.*) To arrive at what the world calls *Greatneſs*, a man muſt either hide and conceal his vices, or he muſt openly and ſteddily practiſe them, in the purſuit and attainment of one important end. This unhappy nobleman did neither.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear &c.*] To underſtand this, we muſt obſerve, that the *Luſt of general praiſe* made the perſon, whoſe Character is here ſo admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious*; his *Madneſs* was to pleaſe the Fools,

Women and *Fools* muſt like him, or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the cenſure of the Knaves,

'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* ſhould call him Fool.

Prudence and *Honeſty* being the two qualities that Fools and Knaves are moſt intereſted, and conſequently moſt induſtrious, to miſrepreſent.

VER. 209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.*] This

Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 210. *Yet, in this ſearch, &c.*] But here (from ℣ 209 to 222) he gives one very neceſſary caution, that, in developing the *Ruling Paſſion*, we muſt be careful not to miſtake a *ſubſidiary* paſſion for the *principal*; which, without great attention, we may be very liable to do; as the *ſubſidiary*, acting in ſupport of the *principal*, has frequently all its *vigour* and much of its *perſeverance:* This error has miſled ſeveral both of the ancient and modern hiſtorians; as when they ſuppoſed *Luſt* and *Luxury* to be Characteriſtics of *Cæſar* and *Lucullus*; whereas, in truth, the *Ruling Paſſion* of both was *Ambition*; which is ſo certain, that, at whatſoever different time of the Republic theſe men had lived, their *Ambition*, as the *Ruling Paſſion*, had been the

NOTES.

illuſtration has an exquiſite beauty, ariſing from the exactneſs of the analogy: For, as the appearance of irregularity, in a Comet's motion, is occaſioned by the greatneſs of the *force* which puſhes it round a very eccentric orb; ſo it is the *violence* of the Ruling Paſſion, that, impatient for its object, in the impetuoſity of its courſe towards it, is frequently hurried to an immenſe diſtance from it, which occaſions all that puzzling inconſiſtency of conduct we obſerve in it.

VER. 213.—*A noble Dame a whore*;] The ſiſter of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

VER. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Ambition* are ſuch bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold ſo much in common, that we generally find them going together, and therefore, as generally miſtake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding

That very Cæſar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one Paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.

COMMENTARY.

ſame; but a different time had changed their *ſubſidiary* ones of *Luſt* and *Luxury*, into their very oppoſites of *Chaſtity* and *Frugality*. 'Tis in vain therefore, ſays our author, for the obſerver of human nature to fix his attention on the *Workman*, if he all the while miſtakes the *Scaffold* for the *Building*.

VER. 222. *In this one Paſſion &c.*] But now it may be objected to our philoſophic poet, that he has indeed ſhewn *the true means* of coming to *the Knowledge and Characters of men* by a *Principle* certain and infallible, when found, yet, by his own account, of ſo difficult inveſtigation, that its *Counterfeit*, and it is always attended with one, may be eaſily miſtaken for it. To

NOTES.

Characters; for they are, in reality, very different and diſtinct; ſo much ſo, that 'tis remarkable, the three greateſt men in Rome, and contemporaries, poſſeſſed each of theſe ſeparately, without the leaſt mixture of the other two: The men I mean were Cæſar, Cato, and Cicero: For Cæſar had *Ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *Pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *Vanity* without pride or ambition.

VER. 223. *As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.*] The ſimilitude is extremely appoſite; as moſt of the inſtances he has afterwards given of the vigorous exertion of the *Ruling Paſſion* in the laſt moments, are from ſuch who had haſtened their death by an immoderate indulgence of *that* Paſſion.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,

COMMENTARY.

remove this difficulty, therefore, and conſequently the objection that ariſes from it, the poet has given (from ✝ 221 to 228) one certain and infallible criterion of the *Ruling Paſſion*, which is this, that all the *other* paſſions, in the courſe of time, change and wear away; while *this* is ever conſtant and vigorous; and ſtill going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to the very moment of its demoliſhing the miſerable machine that it has now at length over-worked. Of this great truth, the poet (from ✝ 227 to the end) gives various inſtances in all the principal *Ruling Paſſions* of our nature, as they are to be found in the *Man of Buſineſs*, the *Man of Pleaſure*, the *Epicure*, the *Parſimonious*, the *Toaſt*,

NOTES.

VER. 227. *Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.*] Human nature is here humourouſly called *honeſt*, as the impulſe of the *ruling paſſion* (which ſhe gives and cheriſhes) makes her more and more impatient of diſguiſe.

VER. 231. *Laneſb'row.*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*. P.

Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.

A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still tries to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:

COMMENTARY.

Courtier, the *Miſer*, and the *Patriot*; which laſt inſtance the poet has had the art, under the appearance of Satire, to turn into the nobleſt Compliment on the perſon to whom the Epiſtle is addreſſed.

NOTES.

VER. 247. — *the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke*] This ſtory, as well as the others, is founded on fact, tho' the author had the goodneſs not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actreſs, who, in deteſtation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave theſe her laſt orders with her dying breath. P.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone*,] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."

The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"

"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned.
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?
"Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul.
"The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
"Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

N. Blakey inv. & del. G. Scotin sculp.

In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
In Women, two almost divide the Kind;—
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,—
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

Char: of Woman.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.

NOTES.

Of the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſhed than this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something he chanced to drop in a ſhort Advertiſement prefixed to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for the ſmall attention given to it. He ſaid, that *no one character in it was drawn from the life.* The Public believed him on his word, and expreſſed little curioſity about a Satire in which there was nothing perſonal.

VER. 1. *Nothing ſo true &c.*] The reader perhaps may be

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!

NOTES.

diſappointed to find that this *Epiſtle*, which propoſes the ſame ſubject with the preceding, is conducted on very different rules of method; for inſtead of being diſpoſed in the ſame logical connection, and filled with the like philoſophical remarks, it is wholly taken up in drawing a great variety of capital Characters: But if he would reflect, that the *two Sexes* make but *one Species*, and conſequently, that the Characters of both muſt be ſtudied and explained on the ſame principles, he would ſee, that when the poet had done this in the preceding Epiſtle, his buſineſs here was, not to repeat what he had already delivered, but only to verify and illuſtrate his doctrine, by every *view* of that perplexity of Nature, which *his* philoſophy only can explain. If the reader therefore will but be at the pains to ſtudy theſe Characters with any degree of attention, as they are here maſterly drawn, one important particular (for which the poet has artfully prepared him by the introduction) will very forcibly ſtrike his obſervation; and that is, that all the great ſtrokes in the ſeveral Characters of *Women* are not only infinitely perplexed and diſcordant, like thoſe in *Men*, but abſolutely inconſiſtent, and in a much higher degree *contradictory*. As ſtrange as this may appear, yet he will ſee that the poet has all the while ſtrictly followed Nature, whoſe ways, we find by the former Epiſtle, are not a little myſterious; and a myſtery this might have remained, had not our author explained it at ℣ 207. where he ſhuts up his *Characters* with this philoſophical reflexion:

In Men, we *various ruling Paſſions* find;
In Women, *two* almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of Pleaſure, and the love of Sway.

If this account be true, we ſee the perpetual neceſſity (which is not the caſe in *Men*) that *Women* lye under of *diſguiſing* their *ruling paſſion*. Now the variety of arts employed to this purpoſe muſt needs draw them into infinite contradictions in thoſe *Actions* from whence their general and obvious Character is

Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.

NOTES.

denominated: To verify this obſervation, let the reader examine all the Characters here drawn, and try whether with this key he cannot diſcover that all their Contradictions ariſe from a deſire to hide the *ruling Paſſion*.

But this is not the worſt. The poet afterwards (from ℣ 218 to 249) takes notice of another miſchief ariſing from this neceſſity of hiding their ruling Paſſions; which is, that generally the end of each is defeated even there where they are moſt violently purſued: For the neceſſity of hiding them inducing an habitual diſſipation of mind, Reaſon, whoſe office it is to regulate the *ruling Paſſion*, loſes all its force and direction; and theſe unhappy victims to their principles, tho' with their attention ſtill *fixed* upon them, are ever proſecuting the means deſtructive of their end, and thus become ridiculous in youth, and miſerable in old age.

Let me not omit to obſerve the great beauty of the concluſion: It is an Encomium on an imaginary Lady to whom the Epiſtle is addreſſed, and artfully turns upon the fact which makes the ſubject of the Epiſtle, the *contradiction of a Woman's Character*, in which contradiction he ſhews that all the luſtre even of the beſt Character conſiſts:

> And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
> Woman's at beſt a *Contradiction* ſtill, *&c.*

VER. 5. *How many pictures*] The poet's purpoſe here is to ſhew, that the Characters of Women are generally inconſiſtent with themſelves; and this he illuſtrates by ſo happy a *Similitude*, that we ſee the folly, deſcribed in it, ariſes from that very principle which gives birth to this inconſiſtency of Character.

VER. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Counteſs,—Paſtora by a fountain—Leda with a ſwan.—Magdalen—Cecilia—*] Attitudes in which ſeveral ladies affected to be drawn, and ſometimes one lady in them all—The poet's politeneſs and complaiſance to the ſex is obſervable in this inſtance, amongſt others, that, *whereas in the Characters of Men*, he has ſometimes made

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;

NOTES.

uſe of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. P.

VER. 20. *Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of *Freſnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

VER. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly mark'd, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ℣ 21, &c. P.

VER. 23. *Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,*] This thought is expreſſed with great humour in the following ſtanza:

· Sappho at her toilet's greazy taſk,
ith Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
morning Inſects that in muck begun,
ine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting-ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
ıe frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend.
ı her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
d good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
ılden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
t ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
ı eyes may ſee---a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
hs for the ſhades---" How charming is a Park!"
Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
bath'd in tears---" Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
s to their Changes half their charms we owe;

NOTES.

Tho' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, Fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails,
'Twere well, if ſhe wou'd pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

ER. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*. P.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.

NOTES.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*. P.

VER. 52. *As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms consisted in the singular turn of her vivacity; consequently the stronger she exerted this vivacity the more forcible must be her attraction. But the point, where it came to excess, would destroy all the delicacy, and expose all the coarseness of sensuality.

VER. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*. P.

VER. 57. — *in a Christian trim,*] This is finely expressed, implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the season. It was not even in a *Christian humour*, it was only in a Christian trim.

Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine---in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd &c.*] in the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

NOTES.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*. P.

What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Hautgout and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at-home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th'Addreſs, the Delicacy---ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to Pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;

NOTES.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd.* P.

VER. 89. *Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars.—Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!*] See Note on ℣ 90. of Ep. to Lord *Cobham.*

With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet vicifſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!

NOTES.

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell*, but *(like her Grace) —Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"*] i. e. Her who affects to laugh out of *faſhion*, and ſtrives to diſbelieve out *of fear*.

Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curſe;
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th'unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, &c.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philoſophy, which he never loſes ſight of, and which teaches, that Providence is inceſſantly turning the evils ariſing from the follies and vices of *men to general* good.

Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack? 155
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Cloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot"—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

NOTES.

VER. 156. *Chameleons who can paint in white and black?*] There is one thing that does a very diſtinguiſhed honour to the accuracy of our poet's judgment, of which, in the courſe of theſe obſervations, I have given many inſtances, and ſhall here explain in what it conſiſts; it is this, that the *Similitudes* in his didactic poems, of which he is not ſparing, and which are all highly poetical, are always choſen with ſuch exquiſite diſcernment of Nature, as not only to illuſtrate the particular point he is upon, but to eſtabliſh the general principles he would inforce; ſo, in the inſtance before us, he compares the inconſtancy and contradiction in the Characters of Women, to the change of colours in the Chameleon; yet 'tis nevertheleſs the great principle of this poem to ſhew that the general Characteriſtic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Paſſions, which they all have, is more uniform than that in Man: Now for this purpoſe, all Nature could not have ſupplied ſuch another illuſtration as this of the Chameleon; for tho' it inſtantaneouſly aſſumes much of the colour of every ſubject on which it chances to be placed, yet, as the moſt accurate *Virtuoſi* have obſerved, it has *two* native colours of its own, which (like the *two* ruling paſſions in the Sex) amidſt all theſe changes are never totally diſcharged, but, tho' often diſcoloured by the neighbourhood of adventitious ones, ſtill make the foundation, and give a tincture to all thoſe which, from thence, it occaſionally aſſumes.

VER, 157. "*Yet Cloe ſure &c.*] The purpoſe of the poet in this Character is important: It is to ſhew that the politic or prudent government of the paſſions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to ſecure it from being ridiculous, *if the* end of that government be not purſued, which is the

h ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
what can Cloe want?"---She wants a Heart.
:aks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
ver, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
ıt to dwell in Decencies for ever.
/ reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
er yet to love, or to be lov'd.
hile her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
ark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
hen ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
es how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
r ſhould cancel---but ſhe may forget.
your Secret ſtill in Cloe's ear;
ne of Cloe's ſhall you ever hear.
her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
:es not if a thouſand are undone.
Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
ls her Footman put it in her head.

NOTES.

ciſe of the ſocial appetites after the ſelfiſh ones have lued; for that if, tho' reaſon govern, the heart be nſulted, we intereſt ourſelves as little in the fortune of haracter, as in any of the foregoing, which paſſions e drive up and down at random.

Cloe is prudent---Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.
One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen:*
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhow their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well---but, Artiſts; who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th'exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.

NOTES.

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait—the ſame for ever!*—] This is intirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no ſuch thing as a perfect Character; ſo that the ſatire falls not on any particular *Character*, or Station, but on the *Character-maker* only. See Note on ℣ 78. 1 Dialogue 1738.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, ſervant to the late King, ſaid to be

But grant, in Public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

NOTES.

the ſon of a Turkiſh Baſſa, whom he took at the Siege of Buda, and conſtantly kept about his perſon. P.

Ibid. Dr. *Stephen Hale*, not more eſtimable for his uſeful diſcoveries as a natural Philoſopher, than for his exemplary Life and Paſtoral Charity as a Pariſh Prieſt.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain *Examples* and *Illuſtrations* to the Maxims laid down; and tho' ſome of theſe have ſince been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atoſſa*, *Cloe*, and ſome verſes following, others are ſtill wanting, nor can we anſwer that theſe are exactly inſerted. P.

VER. 203. *Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;*] There is ſomething particular in the turn of this aſſertion, as making their diſguiſing in public the neceſſary effect of their being bred *to diſguiſe; but if* we conſider that female Education is an art

Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men, we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the firſt Edition,

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

NOTES.

of teachiſig not to *be*, but to *appear*, we ſhall have no reaſon to find fault with the exactneſs of the expreſſion.

VER. 206. *That each may ſeem a Virtue or a Vice.*] For Women are taught Virtue ſo artificially, and Vice ſo naturally, that, in the nice exerciſe of them, they may be eaſily miſtaken for one another. SCRIBL.

VER. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform. P.

VER. 211. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*. P.

VER. 211, 212.—*and where the leſſon taught—Is but to pleaſe, can, &c.*] The delicacy of the poet's addreſs is here obſervable, in his manner of informing us what this *Pleaſure* is, which makes one of the two objects of Woman's *ruling Paſſion*. He does it in an ironical apology for it, ariſing from its being a Pleaſure of the *beneficent* and *communicative* kind, and not merely ſelfiſh, like thoſe which the other ſex generally purſues.

Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.

Men, ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,

NOTES.

VER. 213. *Experience this, &c.*] The ironical apology continued: That the Second is, as it were, forced upon them by the tyranny and oppreſſion of man, in order to ſecure the firſt.

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some men (ſays the Poet) take to buſineſs, ſome to pleaſure, but every woman would willingly make *pleaſure her buſineſs:*" which being the peculiar characteriſtic of a *Rake*, we muſt needs think that he includes (in his uſe of the word here) no more of the Rake's ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleaſure his buſineſs.*

VER. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex? —I. As to *Power.* P.

She who ne'er anſwers till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt;
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;

NOTES.

VER. 269. The picture of an eſtimable Woman, with the beſt kind of contrarieties, created out of the poet's imagination; who therefore feigned thoſe circumſtances of a *Huſband*, a *Daughter*, and love for a *Siſter*, to prevent her being miſtaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did, as the ancient poets were wont, when they had made their *Muſe*, invoke, and addreſs his poem to, her.

Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces --- You.
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

NOTES.

VER. 285. &c. *Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r; And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf*] The poet concludes his Epiſtle with a fine *Moral*, that deſerves the ſerious attention of the public: It is this, that all the extravagances of theſe *vicious* Characters here deſcribed, are much inflamed by a wrong Education, hinted at in ¶ 203; and that even the *beſt* are rather ſecured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents; which obſervation is conveyed under the ſublime claſſical machinery of Phœbus in the aſcendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents miſtaken fondneſs: For Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius; and, as one of the aſtronomical influences, defeats the adventitious byas of education.

In concluſion, the great Moral from both theſe Epiſtles together is, that the two rareſt things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

Allen Lord *Bathurſt.*

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Proſuſion, ℣ 1, &c. *The Point diſcuſs'd, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious, or pernicious to Mankind,* ℣ 21 *to* 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries,* ℣ 89 *to* 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe,* ℣ 113, &c. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* ℣ 121 *to* 153. *That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* ℣ 161 *to* 178. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable,* ℣ 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame,* ℣ 199. *The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches,* ℣ 219. *The* Man *of* Roſs, ℣ 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death,* ℣ 300, &c. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, ℣ 339 to the end.

Plate XIV. Vol. III. facing p. 215.

N. Blakey inv. del. G. Scotin sculp.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his Store,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This Year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a Fountain, spouting thro his Heir.

Ep. on Riches

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;

COMMENTARY.

EPISTLE III.] This Epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our Author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are theſe words: "I have learnt that there are "ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and there-"fore it may be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I will there-"fore leave my betters in the quite poſſeſſion of their idols, their "groves, and their high places; and change my ſubject from "their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their mi-"ſeries; and as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, "to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, "I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real names inſtead "of fictitious ones." P.

VER. 1. *Who ſhall decide, &c.*] The addreſs of the *Introduction* (from ✶ 1 to 21) is remarkable: The poet repreſents himſelf and the noble Lord his friend, as in a converſation, philoſophiſing on the *final cauſe of Riches*; and it proceeds by way of

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Momus giv'n,*] Amongſt the earlieſt abuſes of reaſon, one of the firſt was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in theſe times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, MOMUS came to be at the head of the old *Free-thinkers*. Him, the Mythologiſts very ingeniouſly made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and ſo, conſequently, half-brother to *Dulneſs*. But having been much employed, in after ages, by

And Gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:

COMMENTARY.

dialogue, which moſt writers uſe to hide want of method; our Author only to ſoften and enliven the dryneſs and ſeverity of it. *You* (ſays the poet)

> —hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
> But I, who think more highly of our kind, &c.
> Opine that Nature, &c.

As much as to ſay, "You, my Lord, hold the ſubject we are "upon as fit only for *Satire*; I, on the contrary, eſteem it a "caſe of Philoſophy, and profound *Ethics:* But as we both "agree in the main *Principle*, that *Riches were not given for the* "*reward of Virtue, but for very different purpoſes* (See *Eſſay on* "*Man*, Ep. iv.) let us compromiſe the matter, and conſider "the ſubject jointly, both under your idea and mine, *i. e*, *Sati-* "*rically* and *Philoſophically*."—And this, in fact, we ſhall find to be the true character of this poem, which is a *Species* peculiar to itſelf, and partaking equally of the nature of his *Ethic Epiſtles* and his *Satires*, as the beſt pieces of *Lucian* aroſe from a combination of the Dialogues of *Plato*, and the Scenes of *Ariſtophanes*. This it will be neceſſary to carry with us, if we would ſee either the *Wit* or the *Reaſoning* of this Epiſtle in their true light.

NOTES.

the *Greek* Satiriſts, he came, at laſt, to paſs for a *Wit*; and under this idea, he is to be conſidered in the place before us.

VER. 9. *Opine,*] A term ſacred to controverſy and high debate.

VER. 9.—*that Nature, as in duty bound,*] This, though ludicrouſly, is yet exactly, expreſſed; to ſhew, that, by *Nature*,

ut when by Man's audacious labour won,
'lam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
hen careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
o ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
/e find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
oth fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
o grace of Heav'n or token of th'Elect;
iv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
o Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

NOTES.

: poet meant, not the God of nature, but the inſtrument and
ſtitute of his providence.

VER. 12. *Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,*] ne rival of its Sire in its brightneſs, and in its power of wing mankind into error and deluſion; the two firſt idols of : world, *natural* and *moral*, being the *Sun* and *Gold*.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney Eſq; Member of Parnent, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and victed of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then od in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuted of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to fete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Comy recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward; but ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and , and conceal'd all his perſonal, which was computed to be : hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances ng alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, l hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his eſts till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. uring his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to gs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker tor-

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.

COMMENTARY.

VER 21. *What Nature wants, &c.*] Having thus ſettled the terms of the *Debate*, before he comes to the *main Queſtion*, the *Uſe of Riches*, it was neceſſary to diſcuſs a *previous* one, whether indeed they are, upon the whole, *uſeful to mankind or not*; (which he does from ℣ 20 to 77.) It is commonly obſerved, ſays he (from ℣ 21 to 35) *That Gold moſt commodiouſly ſupplies the wants of Nature:* "Let us firſt conſider the propoſition in *ge-*" *neral*, both in *Matter* and *Expreſſion*; 1. As it regards the *Sup-*" *ply*; and this we ſhall find to be very *unequal*: 2. As it regards " the *Wants*; and theſe, we ſhall ſee, are very *ambiguous*; under

NOTES.

ments. To ſum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the ſeveral æra's of his life, At his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his commitment to Priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*; but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a *worſe man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*. P.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſh'd Bruſſels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, *&c.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

[illegible] But how unequal it [illegible] observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

COMMENTARY.

[illegible] that term, all our fantastic and imaginary, as well as real [illegible] wants being comprised. Hitherto the use is not very ap-

NOTES.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
HE acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:

COMMENTARY.

" parent. Let us in the ſecond place, therefore, conſider the " propoſition in *particular*, or how Gold ſupplies the *wants of* " *Nature* both in private and public life: 1. As to *private*; it " aids us, indeed, to ſupport life; but it, at the ſame time, " hires the aſſaſſin. 2. As to *Society*; it may procure Friend- " ſhips and extend Trade; but it allures Robbers, and corrupts " our acquaintance. 3. As to *Government*; it pays the Guards " neceſſary for the ſupport of public liberty; but it may, with " the ſame eaſe, bribe a Senate to overturn it."

The matter, therefore, being thus problematical, the poet, inſtead of formally balancing between the *Good* and *Ill*, chuſes to leave this *previous Queſtion undetermined* (as *Tacitus* had done before him; where, ſpeaking of the ancient *Germans*, he ſays, *Argentum et aurum propitii aut irati Dii negaverint dubito*;) and

NOTES.

This Gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money. P.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. P.

VER. 20.—*Chartres and the Devil.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and ſubterraneous treaſures are in the guard of the Devil: which ſeems to have taken its riſe from the pagan fable of Plutus the God of Riches.

VER. 21. *What Nature wants*, commodious *Gold beſtows*,] The epithet *commodious* gives us the very proper idea of a *Bawd* or *Pander*; and this thought produced the two following lines, which were in all the former editions, but, for their bad reaſoning, omitted,

And if we count amongſt the needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife;

Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid.
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

COMMENTARY.

falls at once upon what he eſteems the *principal* of theſe abuſes, *public Corruption*.

For having in the laſt inſtance, of the *Uſe of Riches* in Government, ſpoken of *venal Senates*, he goes on to lament the miſchief as deſperate and remedileſs; *Gold*, by its power to corrupt with *Secrecy*, defeating all the efforts of public Spirit, whether exerted in the Courage of Heroes, or in the Wiſdom of Patriots.

'Tis true indeed (continues the poet from ℣ 34 to 49) the very weight of the Bribery has ſometimes detected the Corruption:

From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea *ſpoke*, &c.

But this inconvenience was ſoon repaired, by the invention of *Paper credit*: Whoſe dreadful effects on public Liberty he deſcribes in all the colouring of his poetry, heightened by the warmeſt concern for virtue; which now makes him willing to give up, as it were, the *previous queſtion*, in a paſſionate wiſh (from ℣ 48 to 59) for the return of that incumbrance attendant on public Corruption, before the ſo *common* uſe of money.

And pleaſed with this flattering idea, he goes on (from ℣ 58 to 77) to ſhew the other advantages that would accrue from *Riches only in kind*: which are, that neither *Avarice* could contrive to hoard, nor *Prodigality* to laviſh, in ſo mad and boundleſs a manner as they do at preſent. Here he ſhews particularly, in a fine ironical deſcription of the embarras on *Gaming*, how effectually it would eradicate that execrable practice.

But this whole *Digreſſion* (from ℣ 34 to 77) has another very uncommon beauty; for, at the ſame time that it ariſes naturally from the *laſt conſideration* in the debate of the previous Queſtion,

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

COMMENTARY.

it artfully denounces, in our entrance on the *main Queſtion*, the principal topics intended to be employed for the dilucidation of it, namely AVARICE, PROFUSION, and PUBLIC CORRUPTION.

NOTES.

VER. 33. — *and Patriots rave*;] The character of modern Patriots was, in the opinion of our poet, very equivocal; as the name was undiſtinguiſhingly beſtowed on every one in oppoſition to the court; of whoſe virtues he gives a hint in ℣ 139. of this Epiſtle. Agreeably to theſe ſentiments, his predicate of them here is as equivocal,

In vain — may Patriots rave;

which they may do either in earneſt or in jeſt; and is a conduct, in the opinion of *Sempronius* in the Play, beſt fitted to hide their game.

VER. 34. *If ſecret Gold* ſap *on from knave to knave.*] The expreſſion is fine, and gives us the image of a place inveſted, where the approaches are made by communications which ſupport each other; as the connexions amongſt knaves, after they have been taken in by a ſtate engineer, ſerve to ſcreen and encourage one another's private corruptions.

VER. 35. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak*,] This is a true ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there. P.

Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?

VARIATIONS.

After ♪ 50. in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

NOTES.

VER. 42.—*fetch or carry Kings*;] In our author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

VER. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore*;] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720. P.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen*,] The imagery is very ſublime, and alludes to the courſe of a

What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
" Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
" Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.

NOTES.

deſtroying peſtilence. The Pſalmiſt, in his expreſſion of *the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs*, ſupplied him with the grandeur of his idea.

VER. 63. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year. P.

VER. 65. *Colepepper*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 77. *Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World, &c.*] Having thus ironically deſcribed the incumbrance which the want of money would occaſion to all criminal exceſſes in the uſe of Riches, particularly to *Gaming*, which being now become of public concern, he affects much regard to:

Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!

NOTES.

other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the army which was offered him. P.

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
Cloaths, and Fire. 80

COMMENTARY.

he concludes the *previous Queſtion* without deciding it, in the ſame *ironical* manner,

Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall:
What ſay you? Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

That is, ſince for theſe great purpoſes we muſt have *Money*, let us now *ſeriouſly* inquire into its *true Uſe*.

VER. 79. *What riches give us &c.*] He examines therefore in the *firſt* place (from ℣ 78 to 97) 1. *Of what Uſe Riches are to ourſelves:*

What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. What more? Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.

The mere *turn* of the expreſſion here ſhews, without further reaſoning, that all the infinite ways of ſpending *on ourſelves*, contrived in the inſolence of Wealth, by thoſe who would *more than live*, are only theſe *three* things diverſified throughout every wearied mode of Luxury and Wantonneſs.

Yet as little as this is, adds the poet (from ℣ 81 to 85) it is only to be had by the *moderate uſe* of Riches; *Avarice* and *Profuſion* not allowing the poſſeſſors of the moſt exorbitant wealth even this little:

Alas! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy *Wharton*, waking, found at laſt!

But what is it you would expect them to give? continues the poet (from ℣ 84 to 91.) Would you have them capable of *reſtoring* thoſe *real* bleſſings, which men have *loſt* by their *Vices* or their *Villainies*; or of *ſatisfying* thoſe *imaginary* ones, which they have *gotten* by their *irregular Appetites* and *Paſſions*? *Theſe*, ſure, the bad or fooliſh man cannot have the face to demand; and *thoſe*, by the wiſe proviſion of Nature, Riches are incapable of giving, if he had.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs; 85
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?

COMMENTARY.

But now admit, purſues our author (from ✝ 90 to 97) that wealth might, in ſome caſes, alleviate the unmerited miſeries of life, by procuring medicines both for the mind and body; yet it

NOTES.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe Intereſt was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences. P.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle. P.

VER. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins.* He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds,* which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as "long in ſpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law. P.

VER. 85. Japhet Noſe and Ears?] JAPHET CROOK, alias

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.

COMMENTARY.

is not to be thought it ſhould operate like a charm, while only worn about one: Yet this, theſe *poor men of pelf* expect from it; while *Avarice* on the one hand, with-holds them from giving at all, even to the *Doctor* in extremity; or *Vanity* diverts the donation from a *Friend* in life, to the Endownent of a *Cat* or *College* at their death. It is true, *Riches* might give the greateſt of all bleſſings, a *virtuous conſciouſneſs* of our having employed them as became the *ſubſtitutes of Providence*,

To eaſe or emulate the care of Heav'n, ℣ 230.

in acts of BENEFICENCE and CHARITY; and this *Uſe* is next to be conſidered.

NOTES.

Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of theſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was worth a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous

To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part.
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 97. *To ſome, indeed, &c.*] For now the poet comes, in the ſecond place, to examine, II. *Of what uſe Riches are to others*; which he teaches, as is his way throughout this poem, by the *abuſe* that ſtands oppoſed to it: Thus he ſhews (from ✱ 96 to 107) that with regard to acts of *Beneficence*, the utmoſt Heaven will grant to thoſe who ſo greatly abuſe its bleſſings, is either to enrich ſome favourite *Baſtard*, and ſo perpetuate their vice and infamy; or elſe, contrary to their intent, a legitimate *Son they hated*, and ſo expoſe to public ſcorn and ridicule, the defeat of their unnatural cruelty. But with regard to acts of *Charity*, they are given up to ſo reprobate a ſenſe, as to believe they are then ſeconding the deſigns of Heaven, when they purſue the indigent with imprecations, or leave them in the midſt of their diſtreſſes unrelieved, as the common enemies of God and Man.

NOTES.

Dutcheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats. P.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This epiſtle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the houſe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whoſe uſe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor.* That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," *&c.* were the genuine apopthegms of ſome of the perſons here mentioned. P.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 107. *Yet, to be juſt, &c.*] Having thus ſhewn the *true uſe* of Riches in a deſcription of the *abuſe*, and how that uſe is perpetually defeated by *Profuſion* and *Avarice*; it was natural to enquire into the ſpring and original of theſe vices; as the miſchiefs they occaſion, muſt be well underſtood, before they can be corrected. The diſpoſition of his matter, therefore, now calls upon him to come to the *Philoſophy* of his ſubject: And he examines particularly into the *Motives* of *Avarice*: But what is obſervable, he, all along, ſatirically intermixes with the *real mo-*

NOTES.

VER. 102. *That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:*] None are more ſubject to be deluded by this vain miſtake, *that prudence does all in human affairs*, than thoſe who have been moſt befriended by Fortune. The reaſon is, that, in this ſituation *Prudence* has never been brought to the teſt, nor *Vanity* ever mortified. So that Prudence will be always ready to take to herſelf what fortune encourages Vanity to call her due. And then want of ſucceſs will of courſe be imputed to want of wit.

VER. 105. *But the good Biſhop, &c.*] In this place, and in the firſt Dialogue of 1738, the Poet had named a very worthy Perſon of condition, who for a courſe of many years had ſhined in public Stations much to the advantage and honour of his Country. But being at once oppreſſed by popular prejudice and a public cenſure, it was no wonder, the poet, to whom he

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound. 116

COMMENTARY.

tives, ſeveral *imaginary*; and thoſe as wild as imagination could conceive. This, which at firſt ſight might ſeem to vitiate the purpoſe of his *philoſophical inquiry*, is found, when duly conſidered, to have the higheſt art of deſign. His buſineſs, the reader ſees, was to prove that the *real motives* had the utmoſt extravagancy: Nothing could more conduce to this end, than the ſetting them by, and comparing them with, the moſt whimſical, the fancy itſelf could invent; in which ſituation it was ſeen, that the *real* were full as wild as the *fictitious*. To give theſe images all the force they were capable of, he firſt deſcribes (from ℣ 118 to 123.) the *real* motive, and an imaginary,

NOTES.

was perſonally a ſtranger, ſhould think hardly of him. I had the honour to be well known to this truly illuſtrious Perſon, and to be greatly obliged by him. From my intimate knowledge of his Character, I was fully perſuaded of his innocence, and that he was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous Cheats, to his great loſs of fortune as well as reputation. At my requeſt, therefore, the poet with much ſatisfaction retracted, and ſtruck out, in both places, his ill-grounded cenſure. I have ſince had the pleaſure to underſtand, from the beſt authority, that my favourable ſentiments of him have lately been fully juſtified in the courſe of ſome proceedings in the high court of Chancery, the moſt unerring inveſtigator of Truth and Falſehood.

What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.

COMMENTARY.

one different from the real, in the *ſame perſon:* and then (from ℣ 122 to 133) an *imaginary* one, and a *real* the very ſame with the imaginary, in *different perſons.* This addreſs the poet himſelf hints at, ℣ 155.

Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame, &c.

Let me obſerve, that this has ſtill a further beauty, ariſing from the *nature* of the poem, which (as we have ſhewn) is partly *ſatirical,* and partly *philoſophical.*—With regard to the *particular* beauties of this diſpoſition, I ſhall only take notice of one; where the poet introduces the *fictitious* motive of Blunt's avarice, by a wizard's prophecy:

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and *Av'rice* creeping on
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun, &c.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd on Anne's and Edward's arms!

For it was the poet's purpoſe to ſhew, that the *main* and *principal abuſe* of Riches ariſes from AVARICE.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'ſon*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds. P.

VER. 120. —*general Exciſe*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation. P.

Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th'Aſturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:

NOTES.

VER. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] PETER WALTER, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and oſtentation: his Wealth was never ſeen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore he taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax. P.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſippi ſcheme diſpos'd to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of gold in the mines of the Aſturies. P.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!* [illegible] JOHN BLUNT, eſq.

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms!"

NOTES.

nally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of the South-ſea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous ſcheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt ſeverely by the bill of pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſs'd to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the miſery of party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had indeed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

VER. 137. — *Av'rice* creeping *on*, *Spread like* a low-born *miſt*, *and blot the* Sun;] The ſimilitude is extremely appoſite, implying that this vice is of baſe and mean original; hatched and nurſed up amongſt Scriveners, Stock-jobbers, and Cits; and unknown, 'till of late, to the Nobles of this land: But now, in the fulneſs of time, ſhe rears her head, and aſpires to cover the moſt illuſtrious ſtations in her dark and peſtilential ſhade. The Sun, and other luminaries of Heaven, ſignifying, in the high eaſtern ſtyle, the Grandees and Nobles of the earth.

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."

COMMENTARY.

VER. 151. " *All this is madneſs,*" &c.] But now the *Sage*, who has confined himſelf to *books*, which preſcribe the *government of the paſſions*; and never looked out upon the world, where he might ſee them let looſe, and, like Milton's devils, *riding the air in whirlwind*, cries out, *All this is madneſs.* True, replies the poet (from ver. 151 to 177.) but this madneſs is a common one, and only to be prevented by a ſevere attention to the rule laid down in the *Eſſay*,

Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend, *Ep.* ii. ver. 68.

for amongſt the generality of men, and without the greateſt circumſpection,

The *ruling paſſion*, be it what it will,
The *ruling Paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill.*

But then (continues he) as ſenſeleſs as this paſſion appears, by the ſway of its overbearing bias, it would be ſtill more ſenſeleſs had it no bias at all. You have ſeen us here intermix with the *real*, the moſt *fantaſtical* and extravagant that imagination could invent; yet even theſe are leſs extravagant than a *ruling Paſſion without a conſtant aim.* Would you know the reaſon? then liſten to this important truth: " 'Tis HEAVEN itſelf that gives " the *ruling Paſſion*; and thereby directs different men to dif- " ferent ends: But theſe being exerted through the miniſtry of

Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion
" ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends,
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe.

COMMENTARY.

" NATURE (of whom the great *Bacon* truly obſerves, *modum*
" *tenere neſcia eſt*, Aug. Scient. l. ii. c. 13.) they are very apt
" to run into extremes: To correct which, Heaven, at the
" ſame time, added the moderatrix *Reaſon*; not to take the
" *ruling Paſſion* out of the hands and miniſtry of *Nature*, but
" to reſtrain and rectify its irregular impulſes (See *Eſſay* Ep. ii.
" ♪ 151, *& ſeq.*) and what extremes, after this, remained un-
" corrected in the adminiſtration of this *weak Queen* (♪ 140.
" Ep. ii.) the divine artiſt himſelf has, in his heavenly ſkill
" and bounty, ſet to rights; by ſo ordering, that theſe of the
" *moral*, like thoſe of the *natural* world, ſhould, even by the
" very means of their contrariety and diverſity, concur to de-
" feat the malignity of one another:

Extremes in *Nature* equal good produce,
Extremes in *Man* concur to gen'ral uſe.

" For as the various ſeaſons of the year are ſupported and ſu-
" ſtained by the reconciled extremes of *Wet* and *Dry*, *Cold* and
" *Heat*; ſo all the *orders* and *degrees* of civil life are kept up
" by *Avarice* and *Proſuſion*, *Selfiſhneſs* and *Vanity*. The Miſer
" being but the Steward of the Prodigal; and only ſo much
" the more backward as the other is violent and precipitate:"

This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next a Fountain ſpouting thro' his heir.

Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'R who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th'eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.

NOTES.

VER. 173. *This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare; The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,*] Beſides the obvious beauties of this fine ſimilitude, it has one ſtill more exquiſite, tho' leſs obſervable, which is its being taken from a circumſtance in the moſt elegant part of improved life. For tho' in *Society*, the follies of hoarding and ſquandering may correct each other, and produce real advantage to the *whole*; as *Reſervoirs* and *Fountains* may be both uſeful and ornamental amongſt the other improvements of art; yet in a *State of Nature* either kind of exceſs would be pernicious; becauſe, in that State, the *quantity* of natural goods, unimproved by art, would not ſuffer, without great danger of want to the whole body, either an immoderate hoarding, or a laviſh profuſion. And therefore Providence has wiſely ordered that, in that State, by there being no *fantaſtic* wants, there ſhould be no

Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 177. *Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune &c.*] The poet now proceeds to ſupport the principles of his Philoſophy by *examples:* But before we come to theſe, it will be neceſſary to look back upon the general œconomy of the poem.

In the firſt part, to ℣ 109, the *uſe* and *abuſe* of Riches are *ſatirically* delivered in *precept*. From thence, to ℣ 177, the cauſes of the abuſe are *philoſophically* inquired into: And from thence to the end, the *uſe* and *abuſe* are *hiſtorically* illuſtrated in *examples*. Where we may obſerve, that the concluſion of the *firſt* part, concerning the Miſer's cruelty to others, naturally introduces the *ſecond*, by a ſatirical apology, ſhewing that he is full as cruel to himſelf: The explanation of which extraordinary phænomenon brings the author into the *Philoſophy* of his ſubject;

NOTES.

poſſible temptation to either. Which noble truth our poet hints at in the beginning of the Epiſtle:

But *when* by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to it's Sire, the ſun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of men,
To *ſquander* Theſe, and Theſe *to hide* again. ℣ 11, &c.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With ſoups unbought,*]

— dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. VIRG. P.

To cram the rich was prodigal expence.
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmokeleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th'unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curs'd the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.

COMMENTARY.

and this ending in an obſervation of Avarice and Profuſion's correcting and reconciling one another, as naturally introduces the *bird*, which proves the truth of the obſervation from *fact*. And thus the *Philoſophy* of his ſubject ſtanding between his *Precepts* and *Examples*, gives ſtrength and light to both, and receives it reflected back again from both.

He firſt gives us two examples (from ℣ 176 to 219) of theſe oppoſite *ruling Paſſions*, and (to ſee them in their full force) taken from *ſubjects*, as he tells us, *not void of wit or worth*; from ſuch as could *reaſon* themſelves (as we ſee by ℣ 183, *&c ſeqq.* and ℣ 205, *& ſeqq.*) into the whole length of each extreme: For the Poet had obſerved of the *ruling paſſion* that

Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r.
Eſſay, Ep. ii. ℣ 146.

Old *Cotta* therefore and his *Son* afforded him the moſt happy illuſtration of his doctrine.

(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

"Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
"More go to ruin fortunes, than to raiſe.

which, as they ſeemed to be neceſſary to do juſtice to the general Character going to be deſcribed, I adviſed him to inſert in their place.

NOTES.

VER. 199. *(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need, But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)* The poet is here ſpeaking only of the knowledge gained by *experience*. Now there are ſo many miſerable examples of ill conduct, that no one, with his eyes open, can be at a loſs to know *what to ſhun*; but, *very* inviting examples of a good conduct are extremely rare: Beſides, the miſchiefs of folly are eminent and obvious; but the fruits of prudence, remote and retired from common obſervation; and if ſeen at all, yet their dependance on their cauſes not being direct and immediate, they are not eaſily underſtood.

VER. 201, 202. *Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe, More go to ruin fortunes than to raiſe.*] This, tho' a certain truth, will, as I apprehend, never make its fortune in the *City*: yet, for all that, the poet has fully approved his maxim by the example of a character truly amiable for its beneficence, tho' carried to an extreme.

The Woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 219. *The Senſe to value Riches, &c.*] Having now largely expoſed the ABUSE of Riches by *example*, not only the *Plan*, but the *Philoſophy* of his *Poem*, required, that he ſhould in the

NOTES.

VER. 219, 220. *The* Senſe *to value Riches, with the* Art, *T'enjoy them, and the* Virtue *to impart.*] *The Senſe to value*

Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health; 225
Oh teach us BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th'extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 226. in the MS.

That ſecret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G——'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

COMMENTARY.

ſame way, ſhew the USE likewiſe: He therefore (from ℣ 218, to 249) calls for an EXAMPLE, in which may be found, againſt the *Prodigal*, the *Senſe to value Riches*; againſt the *Vain*, the *Art to enjoy them*; and againſt the *Avaricious*, the *Virtue to impart them*, when acquired. This whole Art (he tells us) may be comprized in one great and general precept, which is this. "That the rich man ſhould conſider himſelf as the ſubſtitute "of Providence in this unequal diſtribution of things; as the "perſon who is

To caſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;

"To *mend* the faults of fortune, or to *juſtify* her graces." And thus the poet ſlides naturally into the proſecution of his ſubject in an *Example* of the *true Uſe* of Riches.

NOTES.

Riches is not, in the City-meaning, *the Senſe in valuing them*: For as *Riches* may be enjoyed without Art, and imparted with

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well-diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?

NOTES.

Virtue, ſo they may be *valued* without *Senſe*. That man therefore only ſhews he has the *ſenſe to value Riches*, who keeps what he has acquired, in order to enjoy one part of it innocently and elegantly, in ſuch meaſure and degree as his ſtation may juſtify, which the poet calls the *Art of enjoying*; and to impart the remainder amongſt objects of *worth*, or *want well weigh'd*; which is, indeed, the *Virtue of imparting*.

VER. 231, 232. *(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race) Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.*] i. e. Such of the Rich whoſe full meaſure overflows on human race, repair the wrongs of Fortune done to the indigent; and at the ſame *time, juſtify the favours* ſhe had beſtowed upon themſelves.

Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe the oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh may he ſing no more!

COMMENTARY.

VER. 249. *But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs? Riſe, honeſt Muſe!*] This invidious expreſſion of the poet's unwillingneſs that the Nobility ſhould engroſs all his praiſes, is ſtrongly ironical; their example having been given hitherto only to ſhew the *abuſe* of Riches. But there is great juſtneſs of *Deſign* as well as agreeableneſs of *Manner* in the preference here given to the *Man of Roſs*. The purpoſe of the poet is to ſhew, that an *immenſe* fortune is not wanted for all the good that Riches

NOTES.

VER. 243, OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe. P.

VER. 250. *The* MAN *of* Ross:] The perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works,

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

COMMENTARY.

are capable of doing; he therefore chuſes ſuch an inſtance, as proves, that a man with five hundred pounds a year could become a bleſſing to a whole country; and, conſequently, that the poet's precepts for the *true uſe of money*, are of more *general* ſervice than a bad heart will give an indifferent head leave to conceive. This was a truth of the greateſt importance to inculcate: He therefore (from ℣ 249 to 297) exalts the character of a *very private* man, one Mr. J. Kyrle, of Herefordſhire: And in ending his deſcription, ſtruck as it were with admiration at a ſublimity of *his own creating*, and warmed with ſentiments of a gratitude he had raiſed in himſelf in behalf of the public, the poet burſts out,

And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

Then tranſported with indignation at a contrary object, he exclaims,

When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:

NOTES.

and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt (partly by the title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an inſcription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire. P.

We muſt underſtand what is here ſaid, of *actually performing*, to mean by the contributions which the *Man of Roſs*, by his aſſiduity and intereſt, collected in his neighbourhood.

Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.

COMMENTARY.

Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands.

I take notice of this deſcription of the portentous vanity of a miſerable Extortioner, chiefly for the uſe we ſhall now ſee he makes of it in carrying on his ſubject.

NOTES.

VER. 255. *Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt, Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,*] The *intimation*, in the firſt line, well ridicules the *madneſs* of faſhionable Magnificence; theſe columns aſpiring to prop the ſkies, in a very different ſenſe from the *heav'n-directed ſpire*, in the verſe that follows: As the *expreſſion*, in the ſecond line, expoſes the *meanneſs* of it, in *falling proudly* to no purpoſe.

Is any ſick? the MAN of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance; enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year,
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

NOTES.

VER. 275. *Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue, &c.—boundleſs charity?*] Theſe four lines (which the poet, with the higheſt propriety, puts into the mouth of his noble friend) very artfully introduce the two following, as by the equivocal expreſſion they had raiſed our expectations to hear of millions, which prove, at laſt, to be only five hundred pounds a year. A circumſtance, as we ſee in the Comment, of great importance to be inculcated.

VER. 281. *Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! &c.*] In this ſublime apoſtrophe, they are not bid to *bluſh* becauſe *outſtript* in virtue, for no ſuch contention is

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 287. thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt, unheeded and unſeen.

NOTES.

ſuppoſed: but for being *outſhined* in their own proper pretenſions to Splendor and Magnificence. SCRIBL.

VER. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The pariſh-regiſter.

VER. 293. *Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands, Belies his features, nay extends his hands*;] The deſcription is inimitable. We ſee him *ſhould'ring the altar* like one who impiouſly affected to draw off the reverence of God's worſhipers, from the ſacred table, upon himſelf; whoſe *Features* too the ſculptor *had belied* by giving them the traces of humanity: And, what was ſtill a more impudent flattery, had inſinuated, by *extending his hands*, as if that humanity had been ſome time or other, put into act.

That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone. 296
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung, 300
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 297. *Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!*
Now ſee what comfort it affords our end.]

In the *firſt* part of this Epiſtle the author had ſhewn, from *Reaſon*, that Riches abuſed afford no comfort either in *life* or *death*. In *this* part, where the ſame truth is taught by *examples*, he had, in the caſe of *Cotta* and his ſon, ſhewn, that they afford no comfort in *life*: the other member of the diviſion remained to be ſpoken to,

Now ſee what Comfort they afford our end.

And this he illuſtrates (from ℣ 298 to 339) in deſcribing the unhappy deaths of the laſt Villers, Duke of Buckingham, and Sir J. Cutler; whoſe profuſion and avarice he has beautifully contraſted. The miſerable end of theſe two extraordinary perſons naturally leads the poet into this humane reflexion, however ludicrouſly expreſſed,

Say, for ſuch worth, are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?

And now, as if fully determined to reſolve this doubtful queſ-

NOTES.

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere. P.

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.

COMMENTARY.

tion, he aſſumes the air and importance of a Profeſſor ready addreſs'd to plunge himſelf into the very depths of theology:

A knotty point! to which we now proceed—

when, on a ſudden, the whole ſcene is changed,

But you are tir'd.—I'll tell a tale—Agreed.

And thus, by the moſt eaſy tranſition, we are come to the *concluding doctrine* of his poem.

NOTES.

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been poſſeſſed of about 50,000*l.* a year, and paſſed through many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery. P.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

VER. 308. *Shrewſbury*.] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her huſband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes in the habit of a page. P.

VER. 312. *No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.*] That

There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?

NOTES.

is, he liked diſguiſed flattery better than the more direct and avowed. And no wonder a man of wit ſhould have this taſte. For the taking pleaſure in fools, for the ſake of *laughing at them*, is nothing elſe but the complaiſance of *flattering ourſelves*, by an advantageous compariſon, which the mind makes between itſelf and the object laughed at. Hence too we may ſee the Reaſon of mens preferring *this* to other kinds of flattery. For we are always inclined to think that work beſt done which we do ourſelves.

VER. 319. *Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe, Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?*] The poet did well in appealing to *Reaſon*, from the parties concerned; who, it is likely, had made but a very ſorry deciſion. The *abhorrence* of an empty purſe would have certainly perverted the judgment of *Want with a full one:* And the *longings* for a full one would probably have as much miſled *Want with an empty one.* Whereas Reaſon *reſolves* this matter in a trice. There being a poſſibility that *Want with an empty purſe* may be relieved; but none, that *Want with a full purſe* ever can.

VER. 322. — *Cutler—Ariſe and tell me, &c.*] This is to be underſtood as a *ſolemn evocation* of the *Shade* of this illuſtrious knight, in the manner of the Ancients; who uſed to call up their departed Heroes by two things they principally *loved* and

Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey heirs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?

NOTES.

deteſted, as the moſt potent of all charms. Hence this Sage is conjured by the powerful mention of a *full*, and of an *empty purſe*. SCRIBL.

VER. 333. Cutler *and* Brutus, *dying both exclaim*, "*Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!*"] There is a greater beauty in this compariſon than the common reader is aware of. *Brutus* was, in *morals* at leaſt, a *Stoic*, like his uncle. And how much addicted to that ſect in general, appears from his profeſſing himſelf of the old academy, and being a moſt paſſionate admirer of *Antiochus Aſcalonites*, an eſſential *Stoic*, if ever there was any. Now *Stoical virtue* was, as our author truly tells us, not *exerciſe*, but apathy—*Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt*. In a word, like Sir *J. Cutler's purſe*, nothing for uſe, but kept cloſe ſhut, and center'd all within himſelf. —Now *virtue* and *wealth*, thus circumſtanced, are indeed no other than mere *names*.

I

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. in the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 339. *Where London's column, &c.*] For, the foregoing examples of *profuſion* and *avarice* having been given to ſhew, that miſapplied wealth was *not enjoyed*; it only remained to prove that in ſuch circumſtances wealth became the *heavieſt puniſhment*; and this was the very point to be concluded with, as the great MORAL of this inſtructive poem; which is to teach us, *how miſerable men make themſelves by not endeavouring to reſtrain the ruling Paſſion, tho' it be indeed implanted in the conſtitution of things*; while, at the ſame time, it is an anſwer to the latter part of the queſtion,

Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?

For the ſolution of which only, this example was jocularly pretended to have been given.

NOTES.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in the memory of the fire of London, with an inſcription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papiſts. P.

VER. 340. *Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies,*] It were to be wiſhed, the *City-monument* had been compared to ſomething of more dignity: As, to the *Court-champion*; when, like him, it only ſpoke the ſenſe of the Government. SCRIBL.

There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:

COMMENTARY.

All this the poet has admirably ſupported, in the artful conſtruction of his fable of Sir Balaam; whoſe character is ſo drawn, as to let the reader ſee he had it in his power to regulate the *ruling Paſſion* by reaſon, as having in himſelf the ſeeds of Integrity, Religion, and Sobriety. Theſe are gradually worked out by an inſatiable *thirſt for Wealth*; and this again (thro' a falſe ſenſe of his own abilities in acquiring it) ſucceeded by as immoderate a *Vanity*: Which will lead us to another beauty in the management of the Story. For, in order to ſee, in one concluding example, the miſeries of exorbitant wealth ill employ'd; it was neceſſary to ſet before the Reader, at once, all the miſuſe, that flowed both from avarice and profuſion. The vices of the *Citizen* and the *Noble*, therefore, which were ſeparated and contraſted in the foregoing inſtances, are here ſhewn incorporated in a *Courtly Cit*. Perhaps it will be ſaid, that the character has, by this means, the appearance of two *ruling paſſions*: but thoſe ſtudied in human nature know the contrary: and that *alieni appetens, ſui profuſus*, is frequently as much one as either the profuſe or avaricious apart. Indeed, this is ſo far from an inaccuracy, that it produces a new beauty. The *Ruling Paſſion* is of two kinds, the *ſimple* and the *complex*. The firſt ſort the poet had given examples of before. Nothing then re-

But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then ſtill againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.

COMMENTARY.

mained to complete his philoſophic plan, but concluding with the latter. Let me only obſerve further, that the author, in this *Tale*, has artfully ſummed up and recapitulated thoſe three principal miſchiefs in the *abuſe* of money, which the *ſatirical* part of this poem throughout was employed to expoſe, namely AVARICE, PROFUSION, and PUBLIC CORRUPTION.

Conſtant at Church and 'Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.—
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air—
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.—

NOTES.

VER. 355. *Corniſh*] The author has placed the ſcene of theſe ſhipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coaſt, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to thoſe to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ſhip happens to be ſtranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and ſometimes even to maſſacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to ſuppreſs theſe barbarities. P.

VER. 360. *And lo! &c.*] The poet had obſerved above,

Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;

NOTES.

that when the luxuriouſly-ſelfiſh had got more than they knew how to uſe, they would try to do *more than live*; inſtead of imparting the leaſt pittance of it to thoſe whom fortune had reduced to do *leſs*: The VANITY of which chimerical project he well expoſed in theſe lines:

What Riches give us let us then enquire.
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. What more? Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.

But here, in one who had not yet learnt the art of diſguiſing the Poverty of Wealth by the Refinements of Luxury, he ſhews, with admirable humour, the ridicule of that project:

And lo! *two* Puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.

What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:

NOTES.

VER. 377. *What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit, &c.*] This is an admirable picture of human nature: In the entrance on life, all, but coxcombs born, are modeſt; and eſteem the favours of their ſuperiors to be marks of their benevolence: But, if theſe favours happen to increaſe; then, inſtead of advancing in gratitude to our benefactors, we only improve in the good opinion of ourſelves; and the conſtant returns of ſuch favours make us conſider them no longer as accommodations to our wants, or the hire of our ſervice, but debts due to our merit: Yet, at the ſame time, to do juſtice to our common nature, we ſhould obſerve, that this does not proceed ſo often from downright vice as is imagined, but frequently from mere infirmity; of which, the reaſon is evident; for, having ſmall knowledge, and yet an exceſſive opinion, of ourſelves, we eſtimate our merit by the paſſions and caprice of others; and this perhaps would not be ſo much amiſs, were we not apt to take their favours for a declaration of the ſenſe of our merits. How often, for inſtance, has it been ſeen, in the ſeveral learned Profeſſions, that a Man, who, had he continued in his primeval meanneſs, would have circumſcribed his knowledge within the modeſt limits of Socrates; yet, being

Leaves the dull Cits and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P--x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:

NOTES.

puſh'd up, as the phraſe is, has felt himſelf growing into a *Hooker*, a *Hales*, or a *Sydenham*; while, in the rapidity of his courſe, he imagined he ſaw, at every new ſtation, a new door of ſcience opening to him, without ſo much as ſtaying for a Flatterer to let him in?

——Beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis ſumet nova conſilia.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.*]

—atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ* JUV.

The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

NOTES.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize.*] This is to be underſtood in a very ſober and *decent* ſenſe; as a Satire only on ſuch Miniſters of State which Hiſtory informs us have been found, who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the ſake of confiſcations. So ſure always, and juſt is our author's ſatire, even in thoſe places where he ſeems moſt to have indulged himſelf only in an elegant badinage. But this Satire on the *abuſe* of the general Laws of forfeiture for high treaſon, which all well-policied communities have found expedient to provide themſelves withal, is by no means to be underſtood as a reflexion on the Laws themſelves, whoſe neceſſity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Diſcourſe, intitled *Some conſiderations on the Law of Forfeiture for high Treaſon. Third Edition*, London 1748.

VER. ult.—*curſes God and dies.*] i. e. Fell under the temptation; alluding to the ſtory of Job referred to above.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of *Burlington*.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

The Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, ℣ 13. *That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is* Good Senſe, ℣ 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all muſt be adapted to the* Genius *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it,* ℣ 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe* long, *if* at all; *and the beſt* Examples *and* Rules *will but be perverted into ſomething* burdenſome *or ridiculous,* ℣ 65, &c. to 92. *A deſcription of the* falſe Taſte *of* Magnificence; *the firſt grand Error of which is to imagine that* Greatneſs *conſiſts in the* Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ℣ 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together*

Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely reſembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently*, ℣ 105, &c. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſic, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly in* Entertainments, ℣ 133, &c. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind*, ℣ 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this*, ℣ 159, &c.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, ℣ 177, &c. *and finally the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, ℣ 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'Tis ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?

COMMENTARY.

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion* being treated of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality: which is therefore a corollary to the preceding, juſt as the Epiſtle on the *Characters of Women* is to that *of the Characters of Men*. It is equally remarkable for exactneſs of method with the reſt. But the nature of the ſubject, which is let pretty ſhort, makes it capable of being analyſed in a much narrower compaſs.

VER. 1. *'Tis ſtrange, &c.*] The poet's introduction (from ver. 1 to 9) conſiſts of a very curious *remark*, ariſing from his intimate knowledge of mankind; together with an *illuſtration* of that remark, taken from his obſervations on life. It is this, That the Prodigal no more *enjoys* his Profuſion, than the Miſer, his Rapacity. It was generally thought that *Avarice* only *kept* without enjoyment; but the poet here firſt acquaints us with a circumſtance in human life much more to be lamented, viz. that *Profuſion* too can *accumulate* without it; whereas *Enjoyment* was thought to bear peculiarly the reward of the *beneficent* paſſions (of which this has the appearance) as *want* of enjoyment was the puniſhment of the *firſt*. The phænomenon obſerved is odd enough. But if we look more narrowly into this matter, we ſhall find, that Prodigality, when in purſuit of *Taſte*, is only a *Mode of Vanity*, and conſequently as ſelfiſh a paſſion as even avarice itſelf; and it is of the ordonance and conſtitution

What brought Sr Visto's ill got Wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, Visto! have a Taste.

Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.

COMMENTARY.

of all ſelfiſh paſſions, when growing to exceſs, to defeat their own end, which is *Self-enjoyment*. But beſides the accurate philoſophy of this obſervation, there is a fine *Morality* contained in it; namely, that *ill-got* Wealth is not only as *unreaſonably*, but as *uncomfortably* ſquandered as it was raked together; which the poet himſelf further inſinuates in ℣ 15.

What brought Sir Viſto's *ill-got wealth* to waſte?

—He then illuſtrates the above obſervation by divers examples in every branch of *wrong Taſte*; and to ſet their abſurdities in the ſtrongeſt light, he, in concluſion, contraſts them with ſeveral inſtances of the *true*, in the Nobleman to whom the Epiſtle is addreſſed. This diſpoſition is productive of various beauties; for, by this means, the *Introduction* becomes an *epitome* of the body of the Epiſtle; which, as we ſhall ſee, conſiſts of general reflections on *Taſte*, and particular examples of *bad* and *good*. And his friend's Example concluding the Introduction, leads the poet gracefully into the ſubject itſelf; for the Lord, here celebrated for his good Taſte, was now at hand to deliver the firſt and fundamental precept of it himſelf, which gives authority and dignity to all that follow.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Topham*] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings. P.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke Statues*, dirty Gods, *and Coins*.] The author ſpeaks here not as a Philoſopher or Divine, but as a *Con-*

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.

NOTES.

noiſſeur and Antiquary; conſequently the *dirty* attribute here aſſigned theſe Gods of old renown, is not in diſparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretenſions. SCRIBL.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity. P.

VER. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together theſe two different Utenſils of *falſe Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly ſpeaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taſte*, but the *Finery* only: And whoever wears it, whether the Wife or the Whore, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deſerve it beſt, as appears from her having moſt of it; and ſo indeed becomes, by accident, the more faſhionable Thing of the two. SCRIBL.

VER. 17. *Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,*] The preſent rage of *Taſte*, in this overflow of general Luxury, may be very properly repreſented by a *deſolating peſtilence*, alluded to in the word *viſit*.

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after ſome wretched proofs of his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works. P.

See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 22. in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen, have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibs the Law?

NOTES.

VER. 19. *See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,*] Pride is one of the greateſt miſchiefs, as well as abſurdities of our nature; and therefore, as appears both from profane and ſacred Hiſtory, has ever been the more peculiar object of divine vengeance. But *aukward Pride* intimates ſuch abilities in its owner, as eaſes us of the apprehenſion of much *miſchief* from it; ſo that the poet ſuppoſes ſuch a one ſecure from the ſerious reſentment of Heaven, though it may permit *fate* or *fortune* to bring him into the public contempt and ridicule, which his native badneſs of heart ſo well deſerves.

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.

VER. 28. *And of one beauty many blunders make;*] Becauſe

Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate; 30

NOTES.

the road to *Taſte*, like that to Truth, is but *one*; and thoſe to Error and Abſurdity a *thouſand*.

VER. 29. *Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,*] In which there is a complication of abſurdities, ariſing both from their different *natures* and *forms*: For the one being for *religious ſervice*, and the other only for *civil amuſement*, it is impoſſible that the profuſe and laſcivious ornaments of the latter ſhould become the modeſty and ſanctity of the other. Nor will any examples of this vanity of dreſs in the ſacred buildings of antiquity juſtify this imitation; for thoſe ornaments might be very ſuitable to a Temple of Bacchus, or Venus, which would ill become the ſobriety and purity of the preſent Religion.

Beſide, it ſhould be conſidered, that the uſual form of a Theatre would only permit the architectonic ornaments to be placed on the outward face; whereas thoſe of a *Church* may be accommodiouſly, and are more properly put within; particularly in great and cloſe; cut-up Cities, where the inceſſant driving of the ſmoke, in a little time corrodes and deſtroys all outward ornament, of this kind; eſpecially if the members, as is the common taſte, be ſmall and little.

Our Gothic anceſtors had juſter and manlier notions than theſe modern mimics of Greek and Roman magnificence: which, becauſe the thing does honour to their genius, I ſhall endeavour to explain. All our ancient churches are called, without diſtinction, *Gothic*; but erroneouſly. They are of two ſorts; the one built in the *Saxon* times; the other during our Norman race of kings. Several *Cathedral* and *Collegiate* Churches of the firſt ſort are yet remaining, either in whole or in part; of which this was the Original: When the Saxon kings became chriſtian, their piety, (which was the piety of the times) conſiſted in building Churches at home, and performing pilgrimages to the Holy Land: and theſe ſpiritual exerciſes aſſiſted and ſupported one another. For the moſt venerable as well as moſt elegant models of religious edifices were then in Paleſtine. From theſe our Saxon Builders took the whole of their idea, as may be ſeen by comparing the

Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;

NOTES.

drawings which travellers have given us of the churches yet ſtanding in that country, with the Saxon remains of what we find at home; and particularly in that ſameneſs of ſtyle in the *later* religious edifices of the Knights Templars profeſſedly built upon the model of the church of the holy Sepulchre at Jeruſalem) with the *earlier* remains of our Saxon Edifices. Now the architecture of the Holy Land was entirely Grecian, but greatly fallen from its ancient elegance. Our Saxon performance was indeed a bad copy of it, and as much inferior to the works of St. Helene, as her's were to the Grecian models ſhe had followed: Yet ſtill the footſteps of ancient art appeared in the circular arches, the entire columns, the diviſion of the entablature, into a ſort of Architrave, Frize and Corniche, and a ſolidity equally diffuſed over the whole maſs. This, by way of diſtinction, I would call the SAXON Architecture.

But our Norman works had a very different original. When the *Goths* had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old Inhabitants, had ripened their wits, and inflamed their miſtaken piety (both kept in exerciſe by the neighbourhood of the Saracens, thro' emulation of their ſcience and averſion to their ſuperſtition,) they ſtruck out a new ſpecies of Architecture unknown to Greece and Rome; upon original principles, and ideas much nobler than what had given birth even to claſſical magnificence. For having been accuſtomed, during the gloom of paganiſm, to worſhip the Deity in GROVES (a practice common to all nations) When their new Religion required covered edifices, they ingeniouſly projected to make them reſemble *Groves*, as nearly as the diſtance of Architecture would permit; at once indulging their old prejudices, and providing for their preſent conveniencies, by a cool receptacle in a ſultry climate. And with what art and ſucceſs they executed the project appears from hence, That no attentive obſerver ever viewed a regular Avenue of well grown trees intermixing their branches over head, but it preſently put him in mind of the long Viſto thro' a Gothic Cathedral; or ever entered one of the larger and more

Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.

NOTES.

elegant Edifices of this kind, but it repreſented to his imagination an Avenue of trees. And this alone is what can be truly called the GOTHIC ſtyle of Building.

Under this idea of ſo extraordinary a ſpecies of Architecture, all the irregular tranſgreſſions againſt art, all the monſtrous offences againſt nature, diſappear; every thing has its reaſon, every thing is in order, and an harmonious Whole ariſes from the ſtudious application of means proper and proportioned to the end. For could the *Arches* be otherwiſe than *pointed* when the Workman was to imitate that curve which branches make by their interſection with one another? Or could the *Columns* be otherwiſe than ſplit into diſtinct ſhafts, when they were to repreſent the Stems of a group of Trees? On the ſame principle was formed the ſpreading ramification of the ſtone-work in the windows, and the ſtained glaſs in the interſtices; the one being to repreſent the branches, and the other the leaves of an opening Grove; and both concurring to preſerve that gloomy light inſpiring religious horror. Laſtly, we ſee the reaſon of their ſtudied averſion to *apparent* ſolidity in theſe ſtupendous maſſes, deemed ſo abſurd by men accuſtomed to the *apparent* as well as *real* ſtrength of Grecian Architecture. Had it been only a wanton exerciſe of the Artiſt's ſkill, to ſhew he could give real ſtrength without the appearance of any, we might indeed admire his ſuperior ſcience, but we muſt needs condemn his ill judgment. But when one conſiders, that this ſurprizing lightneſs was neceſſary to complete the execution of his idea of a rural place of worſhip, one cannot ſufficiently admire the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This too will account for the contrary qualities in what I call the *Saxon Architecture*. Theſe artiſts copied, as has been ſaid, from the churches in the holy Land, which were built on the models of Grecian architecture; but corrupted by prevailing barbariſm; and ſtill further depraved by a religious idea. The firſt places of Chriſtian worſhip were Sepulchres and ſubterraneous caverns, from neceſſity, low and heavy. When Chriſtianity became the Religion of the State, and ſumptuous

Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 39. *Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,*
A certain truth,—]

and in this artful manner begins the body of the Epiſtle.

I.

The firſt part of it (from ℣ 38 to 99) delivers rules for attaining to the MAGNIFICENT in juſt expence; which is the

NOTES.

Temples began to be erected, they yet, in regard to the firſt pious ages, preſerved the maſſive Style: made ſtill more venerable by the *Church of the holy Sepulchre:* Where, this Style was, on a double account, followed and aggravated.

Such then was GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. And it would be no diſcredit to the warmeſt admirers of *Jones* and *Palladio* to acknowledge it has its merit. They muſt at leaſt confeſs it had a nobler birth, tho' an humbler fortune, than the GREEK and ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

VER. 30. *Turns Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;*] This abſurdity ſeems to have ariſen from an injudicious imitation of what theſe Builders might have heard of, at the entrance of the antient Gardens of Rome: But they don't conſider, that thoſe were *public Gardens*, given to the people by ſome great man after a triumph; to which, therefore, *Arcs* of this kind were very ſuitable ornaments.

VER. 36. *Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;*] In the foregoing inſtances, the poet expoſes the abſurd imitation of

Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

COMMENTARY.

ſame in Building and Planting, that the SUBLIME is in Painting and Poetry; and, conſequently, the qualities neceſſary for the attainment of both muſt have the ſame relation.

1. The firſt and *fundamental*, he ſhews (from ✝ 38 to 47) to be SENSE:

Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And, tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven.

And for *that* reaſon; not only as it is the foundation and parent of them all, and the conſtant regulator and director of their operations, or, as the poet better expreſſes it,—*of every art the ſoul*; but likewiſe as it alone can, in caſe of need, very often ſupply the offices of every one of them.

VER. 47. *To build to plant, &c.*]. 2. The next quality, for dignity and uſe, is TASTE, and but the next: For, as the poet truly obſerves, there is —*ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte*—*'tis*

NOTES.

foreign and diſcordant *Manners* in *public* buildings; here he turns to the ſtill greater abſurdity of taking their models from a diſcordant *Climate*, in their *private*: which folly, he ſuppoſes, may be more eaſily redreſſed, as men will be ſooner brought to *feel for themſelves* than to *ſee for the public*.

VER. 46. *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the deſigner of the beſt Gardens of France. P.

To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

COMMENTARY.

Senſe; and this in the order of things: For *Senſe* is a taſte and true conception of *Nature*; and *Taſte* is a ſenſe or true conception of *beautiful Nature*; but we muſt firſt know the *Eſſences* of things, before we can judge truly of their *Qualities*. The buſineſs of *Taſte*, therefore, in the purſuit of *Magnificence*, is, as the poet ſhews us (from ℣ 46 to 65) 1. (to ℣ 51) To catch or lay hold on *Nature*, where ſhe appears moſt in her charms. 2. (to ℣ 57) To adorn her, when taken, as beſt ſuits her dignity and quality; that is, to dreſs her in the light and modeſt habit of a virgin, not load her with the gaudy ornaments of a proſtitute. This rule obſerved, will prevent a tranſgreſſion in the following, which is, not to let all its beauties be ſeen at once,

NOTES.

VER. 53. *Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,*] For when the ſame beauty obtrudes itſelf upon you over and over; when it meets you full at whatever place you ſtop, or to whatever point you turn, then Nature loſes her proper charms of a *modeſt fair*; and you begin to hate and nauſeate her as a proſtitute.

VER. 54. *Where half the ſkill is decently to hide*] If the poet was right in comparing the true dreſs of *Nature* to that of a *modeſt fair*, it is a plain conſequence, that one half of the deſigner's art muſt be, *decently to hide*; as the other half is *gracefully to diſcover*.

Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th'ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

COMMENTARY.

but in ſucceſſion; for that advantage is inſeparable from a graceful and well-dreſſed perſon. 3. (to ℣ 65) To take care that the ornaments be well ſuited to *that part*, which it is your purpoſe to adorn; and, as in dreſſing out a *modeſt Fair* (which is the poet's own compariſon) the colours are proportioned to her complexion; the ſtuff, to the enbonpoint of her perſon; and the faſhion, to her air and ſhape; ſo in ornamenting a villa, *the riſe or fall of waters* ſhould correſpond to its acclivities or declivities; the *artificial hills or vales* to its cover or expoſure; and the manner of *calling in the country*, to the diſpoſition of its aſpect. But again, as in the illuſtration, whatever be the variety in colour, ſtuff, or faſhion, they muſt ſtill be ſo ſuited with reſpect to one another, as to produce an agreement and harmony in their aſſemblage; ſo woods, waters, mountains, vales, and viſtas muſt, amidſt all their diverſity, be ſo diſpoſed with a relation to each other, as to create a perfect ſymmetry reſulting from the whole; and this, the *Genius* of the place, when reli-

NOTES.

VER. 57. *Conſult the Genius of the Place, &c.* — to *deſigns*, ℣ 64.] The perſonalizing or rather *deifying* the *Genius of the place*, in order to be conſulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the nobleſt and moſt ſublime deſcriptions of *Deſign*, that poetry could expreſs. Where this *Genius*, while preſiding over

Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,

COMMENTARY.

giouſly conſulted, will never fail to inform us of; who, as the poet ſays,

Now breaks, and now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

And this is a full and complete deſcription of the *office of Taſte*.

VER. 65. *Still follow Senſe, &c.*] But now when *Good Senſe* has led us up to *Taſte*, our fondneſs for the elegancies of our new miſtreſs, oftentimes occaſions us to neglect the plainneſs and ſimplicity of the old; we are but too apt to forſake our Guide, and to give ourſelves up ſolely to *Taſte*. Our author's next rule therefore 3. is, *Still to follow Senſe*, and let it perpetually accompany us thro' all the works of *Taſte*.

Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry art the *Soul*.

That is, *Good Senſe* ſhould never be a moment abſent from the works of *Taſte*, any more than the Soul from the Body; for juſt as the Soul animates and informs ev'ry air and feature of a beauteous body, ſo *Senſe* gives life and vigour to all the productions of *Taſte*.

VER. 66. *Parts anſw'ring parts, &c.*] The particular advan-

NOTES.

the work, is repreſented by little and little, as advancing from a ſimple *adviſer*, to a *creator* of all the beauties of improved Nature, in a *variety* of bold metaphors and alluſions, all riſing one above another, till they complete the *unity* of the general idea.

Firſt the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only ſimply gives directions: Then he *helps th' ambitious hill*, or is a fellow-labourer: Then again he *ſcoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterwards, riſing faſt in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progreſs, when accuſtomed to diſplay all their ſtate and magnificence: His character then grows ſacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;

COMMENTARY.

tages of the union of Senſe with Taſte he then explains (from this verſe to 71) 1. That the beautiful parts which *Taſte* has laid out and contrived, *Senſe* makes to anſwer one another, and to *ſlide* naturally, without violence, *into a whole*. 2. That many beauties will *ſpontaneouſly* offer themſelves, ſuggeſted from the very neceſſity which *Senſe* lays upon us, of conforming the parts to the whole, that no original invention of *Taſte* would

NOTES.

prieſthood; till at length, he becomes a Divinity, and creates and preſides over the whole:

Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Much in the ſame manner as the *plaſtic Nature* is ſuppoſed to do, in the work of human generation.

VER. 65. *Still follow Senſe, &c.*] The not obſerving this rule, bewilder'd a late noble writer (diſtinguiſhed for his *philoſophy of Taſte*) in the purſuit of the Grand and *Magnificent* in *moral* life; who, when *Good Senſe* had led him up to the τὸ καλὸν ἢ τὸ πρέπον, of ancient renown, diſcharged his Guide; and, captivated with the delights of *Taſte*, reſolved all into the elegancies of that idea: And now, Reaſon, Morality, Religion, and the truth of things, were nothing elſe but TASTE; which, (that he might not be thought altogether to have deſerted his ſage conductreſs) he ſometimes dignified with the name of the *moral ſenſe*: And he ſucceeded in the purſuit of Truth, accordingly.

VER. 66. *Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,*] *i. e.* ſhall not be *forced*, but *go of themſelves*; as if both the parts and whole were not of *yours*, but of *Nature's* making. The metaphor is taken from a piece of mechaniſm finiſhed by ſome great maſter, where all the parts are ſo previouſly fitted, as to be eaſily put together by any ordinary workman: and each part ſlides into its place, as it were thro' a groove ready made for that purpoſe.

Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:

COMMENTARY.

have ſupplied. 3. A third advantage is, that you are then always ſure to have *Nature on your ſide.*

Nature ſhall join you———

The expreſſion is important, when we are bid to *begin with Senſe* we were ſhewn how this would lead us to *Taſte*, in the purſuit of *Nature:* but now that he bids us to go on with Senſe, or *ſtill to follow it*, after having arrived at *Taſte*, he tells us, that *Nature* will then *join* us of her own accord: This has a great beauty, which ariſes from the Philoſophic Truth of the obſervation. For, as we obſerved before,—*Senſe* being a right conception of *Nature*; and *Taſte* a right conception of *beautiful Nature*; when theſe are in conjunction, Nature can ſtand out no longer, but preſents herſelf to you without further pains or ſearch.

VER. 71. *Without it, proud Verſailles! &c.*] To illuſtrate this doctrine, the poet next ſhews us (from ℣ 70 to 99) that with-

NOTES.

VER. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire. P.

VER. 72. *And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:*] The expreſſion is very ſignificant. Had the *Walls* been ſaid to *deſert* the *Terraces*, this would have given us the image of a deſtruction, effected by time only; which had been foreign to the poet's intention; who is here ſpeaking of the puniſhment of *unſupported Taſte*, in the deſigned ſubverſion of it, either by *good* or *bad*, as it happens; one of which is ſure to do its buſineſs, and that ſoon; therefore it is with great propriety, he ſays, that the *Terraces deſert their walls*, which implies purpoſe and violence in their ſubverſion.

The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.

COMMENTARY.

out this continued ſupport of *Good Senſe*, things even of the *higheſt Taſte* and *utmoſt Magnificence*, ſuch as the Buildings of *Verſailles*, the Gardens of *Villario*, and the Groves of *Sabinus*, (which are the inſtances he gives) all, in a very little time, come to nothing, and no wonder. For the exerciſe of *Taſte* WITHOUT SENSE is, where ſomething that is *not beautiful Nature* is miſtaken for it; and *ornamented* as beautiful Nature ſhould be: Theſe ornaments, therefore, being deſtitute of all real ſupport, muſt be continually ſubject to change. Sometimes the owner himſelf will grow weary of them (as in the caſe of *Villario*) and find at laſt, that *Nature* is to be preferred before them,

Tir'd of the ſcene *Paterres* and *Fountains* yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a *Field*.

Sometime, again, the Heir (like *Sabinus's*) will be changing a bad Taſte for a worſe,

One *boundleſs green*, or *flouriſh'd carpet* views,
With all the *mournful family* of Yews.

So that *mere Taſte* ſtanding expoſed between the *true* and *falſe*, like the decent man, between the rigidly virtuous, and thoroughly profligate, hated and deſpiſed by both, can never long ſupport itſelf; and with this the *firſt part* of the Epiſtle concludes.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:*] An high compliment to the noble perſon on whom it is beſtowed, as making him the *ſubſtitute of Good Senſe*.—This office, in the original plan of the poem, was given to another Man of TASTE; who not having the SENSE to ſee a compliment was intended him, convinced the poet it did not belong to him.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten-years toil compleat;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;

NOTES.

done in Herfordſhire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.

VER. 78. —*ſet Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duely frequented the Court. P. But he ſhould have added—with the innocence and diſintereſtedneſs of an Hermit.

VER. 81, 82. *The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite, And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light.*] The imagery is here taken from *Painting* in the judicious execution of the *Pencil*, and in the happy improvement of it by *time*. To underſtand what is meant by *ſupporting* (which is a term of art common both to *Planting* and *Painting*) we muſt conſider what things make the natural defect or weakneſs of a rude uncultivated *Plain*; and theſe are, the having a diſagreeable *flatneſs*, and the not having a *proper termination*. But a *Wood*, rightly diſpoſed, takes away the one, and gives what is wanting of the other.

— The parts unite.

The utmoſt which art can do, when it does its full office, is to give the work a *conſent* of parts; but it is *time* only that can make the *union* here ſpoken of. So in painting, the ſkill of the *maſter* can go no further, in the chromatic part, than to ſet thoſe colours together, which have a natural friendſhip and ſympathy for each other: But nothing but *time* can unite and incorporate their tints:

And *ſtrength* of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light.

A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;

NOTES.

And now the work becomes a very picture; which the poet informs us of, in the ſublime way of poetical inſtruction, by ſetting that picture before our eyes; and not merely a picture, but a *perfect* picture, in which the lights and ſhades, not only bear a *proportion* to one another in their force (which is implied in the word *contends*) but are both at their *height*, (which the word *ſtrength* ſignifies.) As the uſe of the ſingular number in the terms *Shade* and *Light*, alludes to another precept of the art, that not only the ſhades and lights ſhould be great and broad, but that the maſſes of the clair-obſcure, in a groupe of objects, ſhould be ſo managed, by a ſubordination of the groups to the unity of deſign, as that the whole together may afford one great *ſhade* and *light*.

VER. 84. *Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,*] *i. e.* The ſeveral colours of the grove in bloom, give ſeveral different tints to the lights and ſhades.

VER. 94. *Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;*] Finely intimating, by this ſublime claſſical image, that the Father's taſte was *enthuſiaſtical*; in which paſſion there is always ſomething great and noble; tho' it be too apt, in its flights, to leave

One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!

COMMENTARY.

II.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa, &c.*] As the firſt part ended with expoſing the works of *Taſte without Senſe*, the ſecond begins with a deſcription (from ℣ 98 to 173) of *falſe Magnificence* WITHOUT EITHER SENSE OR TASTE, in the gardens, buildings, table furniture, library, and way of living of Lord *Timon*; who, in none of theſe, could diſtinguiſh between *greatneſs* and *vaſtneſs*, between *regularity* and *form*, between *dignity* and *ſtate*,

NOTES.

ſenſe behind it: and this was the good man's caſe. But his Son's was a poor deſpicable *ſuperſtition*, a low ſombrous paſſion, whoſe perverſity of Taſte could only gratify itſelf

With all the mournful family of Yews.

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd Carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

VER. 96. —*mournful family of Yews*;] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion. P.

VER. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This deſcription is intended to comprize the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good Senſe can attain it. P.

So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,

Commentary.

or between *learning* and *pedantry*. But what then? ſays the poet, here reſuming the great *principle of his Philoſophy* (which theſe moral Epiſtles were written to illuſtrate, and conſequently on which they are all regulated) tho'

> Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
> And needs no *Rod*———

Yet the puniſhment is confined as it ought; and the evil is turned to the benefit of others: For

> —hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
> Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread,
> The Lab'rer bears; what his *hard heart* denies,
> His *charitable vanity* ſupplies.

Notes.

Ver. 104. — *all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the ſatires of *Gulliver*.

Ver. 109. *Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!*] *Grandeur* in building, as in the human frame, does not take its denomination from the *body*, but the *ſoul* of the work; when the ſoul therefore is loſt or incumber'd in its invelope, the unanimated parts, how *huge* ſoever, are not members of grandeur, but mere *heaps of littleneſs*.

Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;

NOTES.

VER. 117, 118. *Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother, And half the platform juſt reflects the other.*] This is exactly the *two puddings* of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only ſerved up a little more magnificently: But both on the ſame abſurd principle of wrong taſte, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. *Grove nods at grove, &c.*] The exquiſite humour of this expreſſion ariſes ſolely from its ſignificancy. Theſe *groves*, that have no meaning, but very near relation-ſhip, can expreſs themſelves only like twin-ideots by *nods*;

——nutant ad mutua Palmæ
Fœdera——

as the Poet ſays, which juſt ſerves to let us underſtand, that they know one another, as having been nurſed, and brought up by one common parent.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the Gladiator *pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*. P.

Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Suëil has bound.
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.

NOTES.

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of houſe with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient. P.

VER. 133. *His Study! &c.*] The falſe Taſte in Books; a ſatire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do. P.

And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,

NOTES.

VER. 142. The falſe taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſts, *etc.*

VER. 142. *That ſummons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This abſurdity is very happily expreſſed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the firſt we ſhould leave behind us when we approach the ſacred altar. But he who could take Meanneſs for Magnificence, might eaſily miſtake *Humility* for *Meanneſs*.

VER. 145. — And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *&c.* which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters. P.

VER. 146. *Where* ſprawl *the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,*] This was not only ſaid to deride the indecency and aukward poſition of the figures, but to inſinuate the want of dignity in the ſubjects. Raphael's pagans, as the devils in Milton, act a nobler part than the Gods and *Saints* of ordinary poets and painters. The cartons at Hampton-Court are talked of by every body; they have been copied, engraved, and criticiſed; and yet ſo little ſtudied or conſidered, that in the nobleſt of them, of which more, too, has been ſaid than of all the reſt, we are as much ſtrangers to St. Paul's audience in the Areopagus, as to thoſe he preached before at Theſſalonica or Berœa.

The ſtory from whence the painter took his ſubjects is this, --- "St. Paul came to Athens, was encountered by the "Epicureans and Stoics, taken up by them to the court of "Areopagus, before which he made his apology; and amongſt "his converts at this time, were Dionyſius the Areopagite,

Is this a dinner? this a Genial room? 155
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.

NOTES.

not only to be very abſurd, but very *odious* too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one inſtance of falſe Taſte, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation*, he gives (in the epithet employ'd) the ſuggeſtion of another, which is an *injudicious manner of it*. For thoſe diſagreeable objects which, when *painted*, give pleaſure; if *coloured* after nature, in *relief*, become ſhocking, as a toad, or dead carcaſe in wax-work: yet theſe things are the delight of all people of bad Taſte. However, the Ornament itſelf pretends to ſcience, and would juſtify its uſe by antiquity, tho' it betrays the moſt miſerable ignorance of it. The *Serpent* amongſt the ancients, was ſacred, and full of venerable myſteries. Now things do not excite ideas ſo much according to their own natural impreſſions, as by fictitious ones, ariſing from foreign and accidental combinations; conſequently the view of this animal raiſed in *them* nothing of that abhorrence which it is wont to do in us; but, on the contrary, very agreeable ſenſations, correſpondent to thoſe foreign aſſociations. Hence, and more eſpecially, becauſe the Serpent was the peculiar *Symbol of health*, it became an extreme proper ornament to the *genial rooms* of the ancients. In the mean time, we who are ſtrangers to all this ſuperſtition, yet make ourſelves liable to one much more abſurd, which is, idolizing the very *faſhions* that aroſe from it. But if theſe pretenders to Taſte can ſo widely miſtake, it is no wonder that thoſe who pretend to none, I mean the verbal Critics, ſhould a little *hallucinate* in this matter. I remember, when the ſhort Latin inſcription on Shakeſpear's monument was firſt ſet up, and in the very ſtyle of elegant and ſimple antiquity, the News-papers were full of theſe ſmall critics; in which the only obſervation that looked like learning, was founded in this ignorance of Taſte and Antiquity. One of theſe Critics objected to the word *Mors* (in the inſcription) becauſe the Roman writers of the pureſt times ſcrupled to employ it; but, in its ſtead, uſed an improper, that is, a figurative word, or otherwiſe a circumlocution. But had he conſidered that it was their Superſtition of *lucky* and *unlucky words* which occaſion'd this delicacy, he muſt have ſeen that a

A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread

NOTES.

Chriſtian writer, in a Chriſtian inſcription, acted with great judgment in avoiding ſo ſenſeleſs an affectation of, what he miſcalls, claſſical expreſſion.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment. P.

VER. 156. —*a Hecatomb.*] Alluding to the *hundred footſteps* before.

VER. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ℣ 230---7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ℣ 161, &c. P.

The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 173. *Another age, &c.*] But now a difficulty ſticks with me, (anſwers an objector) this load of evil ſtill remains a monument of folly to future ages; an incumbrance to the plain on which it ſtands; and a nuiſance to the neighbourhood round about, filling it

—— with imitating fools?

For men are apt to take the example next at hand; and apteſt of all to take a bad one. No fear of that, replies the poet, (from ✶ 172 to 177.) Nothing abſurd or wrong is exempt from the juriſdiction of Time, which is always ſure to do full juſtice on it;

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

For the prerogative of

—— Time ſhall make it grow,

is only due to the deſigns of *true Taſte* joined to *Uſe*: And

'Tis *Uſe* alone that *ſanctifies* Expence;

and nothing but the ſanctity of *that* can arreſt the juſtice of Time. And thus the ſecond part concludes; which conſiſt-

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Another age, &c.*] Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had ſeen his general prophecy againſt all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a particular inſtance.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an inſtance of the art peculiar to our poet; by which he has ſo diſpoſed a trite claſſical figure,

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And ſplendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe:

COMMENTARY.

ing of an *example* of *falſe* Taſte in every attempt to Magnificence, is full of concealed *precepts* for the *true*: As the firſt part, which contains *precepts* for *true* Taſte, is full of *examples* of the *falſe*.

III.

VER. 177. *Who then ſhall grace, &c.*] We come now to the third and laſt part, (from ℣ 176 to the end) and, as in the firſt, the poet had given examples of wrong judged *Magnificence*, in things of *Taſte without Senſe*; and, in the ſecond, an example of others *without either Senſe or Taſte*; ſo the third is employed in two examples of *Magnificence* in *Planting and Building*; where *both Senſe and Taſte* highly prevail: The one in him, to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed; and the other, in the truly noble perſon whoſe amiable Character bore ſo conſpicuous a part in the foregoing.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like Boyle.

Where, in the fine deſcription he gives of theſe two ſpecies of *Magnificence*, he artfully inſinuates, that tho', when executed in

NOTES.

as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of repreſenting a very *plentiful harveſt*, but alſo to aſſume the *Image of Nature*, re-eſtabliſhing herſelf in her rights, and *mocking* the vain efforts of falſe magnificence, which would keep her out of them.

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence, And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.*] Here the poet, to

Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;

COMMENTARY.

a *true Taſte*, the great end and aim of both be the ſame, viz. the *general* good, in uſe or ornament; yet that their progreſs to this end is carried on in direct contrary courſes; that, in *Planting*, the private advantage of the neighbourhood is firſt promoted, till, by time, it riſes up to a public benefit:

Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies grow.

On the contrary, the wonders of Architecture ought firſt to be beſtowed on the public:

Bid Harbors open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous flood contain;
The Mole projected break the roaring main.

And when the public has been properly accommodated and adorned, then, and not till then, the works of private *Magnificence* may take place. This was the order obſerv'd by thoſe two great Empires, from whom we received all we have of this polite art. We do not read of any Magnificence in the private buildings of Greece or Rome, till the generoſity of their public ſpirit had adorned the State with Temples, Emporiums, Council-houſes, Common-Porticos, Baths, and Theatres.

NOTES.

make the *examples* of *good Taſte* the better underſtood, introduces them with a ſummary of his *Precepts* in theſe two ſublime lines: for, the conſulting *Uſe* is *beginning with Senſe*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taſte borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Senſe*, after ſhe has led us up to *Taſte*. The art of this can never be ſufficiently admired. But the Expreſſion is equal to the Thought. This *ſanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of ſomething conſecrated and ſet apart for ſacred uſes; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly conſidered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true conſecration; and the real uſes of humanity were certainly *firſt* in its *intention*.

Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid Harbors open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

NOTES.

VER. 195, 197, &c.] *'Till Kings — Bid Harbors open, &c.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to thoſe great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was publiſhed in the year 1732, when ſome of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is ſatirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great miſchiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly paſſable; and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrance of London itſelf: The pro-

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

NOTES.

poſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petition'd againſt and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge paſs'd thro' both houſes. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in theſe lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.

See the notes on that place. P.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Occaſion'd by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!

NOTES.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of Medals; it was ſometime before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verſes on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

EPIST. V.] As the third Epiſtle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats of one circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

NOTES.

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:*] The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumſtance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with ℣ 13, 14, and he will ſee the Reaſon,

Barbarian blindneſs, *Chriſtian* zeal conſpire,
And *Papal* piety, and *Gothic* fire.

For the *Slaves* mentioned in the 6th line were of the ſame nation with the *Barbarians* in the 13th: and the *Chriſtians* in the 13th, the Succeſſors of the *Martyrs* in the 6th: Providence ordaining, that *theſe* ſhould ruin what *thoſe* were ſo injuriouſly employed in rearing: for the poet never loſeth ſight of his great principle.

VER. 9 *Fanes, which admiring Gods with* pride *ſurvey,*] Theſe Gods were the then Tyrants of Rome, to whom the Empire raiſed Temples. The epithet, *admiring*, conveys a ſtrong ridicule; that paſſion, in the opinion of Philoſophy, always conveying the idea of ignorance and miſery.

Nil admirari prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

Admiration implying our ignorance of other things; *pride*, our ignorance of ourſelves.

Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.

Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judæa weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

NOTES.

VER. 18. *And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.*] A fine inſinuation of the entire want of Taſte in Antiquaries; whoſe ignorance of Characters miſleads them, (ſupported only by a name) againſt Reaſon and Hiſtory.

VER. 25. *A narrow* Orb *each crowded* Conqueſt *keeps,*] A ridicule on the pompous title of *Orbis Romanus*, which the Romans gave to their empire.

VER. 27. — *the proud Arch*] i. e. The triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous maſs of building.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th'inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. *With* ſharpen'd ſight *pale Antiquaries pore,*] *Microſcopic glaſſes*, invented by philoſophers to diſcover the beauties in the minuter works of nature, ridiculouſly applied by Antiquaries, to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals.

VER. 37. *This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,*] i. e. This a collector of ſilver; That, of braſs coins.

VER. 41. *Poor Vadius,*] See his hiſtory, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scribblerus.*

Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Nor bluſh, theſe Studies thy regard engage;*] A ſenſeleſs affectation which ſome writers of eminence have betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents have raiſed them to a condition to do without thoſe arts, for which only they gained our eſteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This falſe ſhame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, expoſed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one Defect, which was, his entertaining too "mean an Idea of his firſt Profeſſion, (that of a Writer) tho' "'twas to this he ow'd his Fame and Fortune. He ſpoke of "his Works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted "to me in our firſt Converſation, that I ſhould viſit him upon "no other foot than that of a Gentleman, who led a Life of "plainneſs and ſimplicity. I anſwer'd, that, had he been ſo "unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman, I ſhould never "have come to ſee him; and I was very much diſguſted at "ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation*, xix.

VER. 53. *Oh when ſhall Britain, &c.*] A compliment to one of Mr. Addiſon's papers in the Spectator, on this ſubject.

Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

NOTES.

VER. 67. "*Stateſman, yet friend to truth, &c.*] It ſhould be remembered that this poem was written to be printed before Mr. Addiſon's *diſcourſe on Medals*, in which there is the following cenſure of long legends upon coins: "The firſt "fault I find with a modern legend is its diffuſiveneſs. You "have ſometimes the whole ſide of a medal over-run with it. "One would fancy the Author had a deſign of being Cicero-"nian — but it is not only the tedioufneſs of theſe inſcrip-"tions that I find fault with; ſuppoſing them of a moderate "length, why muſt they be in verſe? We ſhould be ſurprized "to ſee the title of a ſerious book in rhyme."— Dial. iii.

VER. ult. *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in ſo different ſpheres as were thoſe of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, ſhould have their friendſhip diſturbed by Envy. We muſt ſuppoſe then that ſome circumſtances in the friendſhip of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addiſon are hinted at in this place.

FINIS.